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A STRANGE CRIME.

The Mystery at Angel Pass---A Story of the Fierce Jealousy of Two Men---A Tragic Romance Above the Clouds.

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.

CHAPTER I.

An odd name, truly, in its application to such a place. Why it was called Angel Pass no man can tell; there is certainly no suggestion of the angelic in the rocky, barren defile, 12,000 feet above the sea, in the heart of the mountains of the New Mexican frontier. We can imagine devils disputing themselves here, but not angels—never. And yet that desolate place had been graced by the name of Home. Close to the trail, which furnishes the only means of communication between the eastern and western slopes of the range, stood a small house, built partly of the blocks of basalt scattered so plentifully about, and partly of rough logs hauled from the belt of timber upon the mountain side—a house looking oddly assorted in its make-up, with no distinct predominating architectural idea, but the very elementary one of accomplishing the most in the way of results with the least possible outlay of energy. Here, at the time of my story, there was established a supply store and mail station, under the supervision of old Peter Palmer—styled Saint Peter, in derision, of his many questionable virtues—where once a week, weather permitting, the men folk of that great neighborhood, with its fifty-mile radius, gathered to camp and await the arrival of the mail, brought upon horseback from the nearest railway station, sixty miles to the eastward.

It was Wednesday, the regular weekly mail-day, late in January. The carrier was due at four o'clock, in the usual course of events, but long before that hour the great stone fireplace in the house at the Pass was surrounded by a picturesque group of mountaineers, eager for news from the outside world, and eager to meet with one another.

Old Saint Peter, venerable with his flowing hair and beard of clear white, and commanding in his erect figure and breadth of shoulders, stood apart from the group, starting anxiously out of the one small window which the room afforded, keeping a close watch upon a drifting mass of dull, gray clouds which hung upon the mountain side far below. It was seldom cloudy at the Pass; they saw their clouds from above. At last he turned from the window and stood by the fire place, holding his knotted hands towards the blaze.

"Don't mean nothin'," he growled, "ef we don't hev snow, an' plenty of it before night, an' I reckon there 'll be gets here with the pouch."

"Snow" echoed one of the younger men, taking Peter's post of observation at the window; "pshaw! What you talkin' about? It ain't goin' to snow this side of Rito."

Old Peter did not deign to look at his young rival prophet; he only struck a shower of sparks from the great fire-log with his booted foot as he snarled:

"You'd better stick to cow punchin', sonny, and let the weather alone. I say it's goin' to snow, an' hard, too. Them clouds ain't there for nothin' with that north wind. It's my treat if Steve gets here on time."

The rebuff fell upon heedless ears, for the boy was peering eagerly up the trail to the westward.

"There's someun a comin'," he announced presently.

The noisy group about the fire place grew suddenly silent, and interest was alive.

"Who is it? Can you see?" one of the men asked.

"No," the boy answerd; "I can't see nothin', except that he's ridin' a sorrel hoss."

"That don't mean nothin'," his questioner retorted; "bein' as everybody in these parts rides a sorrel hoss, exceptin' some of the Mexicans at the Y Ranch."

Another of the men had joined the youth at the window.

"He's wearin' a red shirt.". The new observer added this item with keen interest. "Oh, Lordy!" he ejaculated, a moment later. "Can't you see nothin'? It's the Prophet. Can't you see his long hair?"

At the sound of the name another of the men looked up quickly from a dim corner of the room where he sat silently whittling.

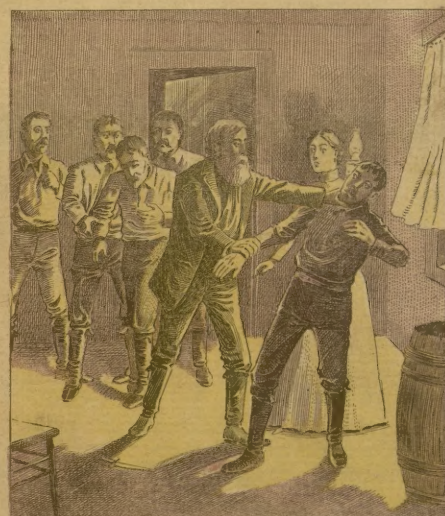
"What the devil is he always comin' here for?" he growled. "He's here as reglar as mail day, an' nobody ever heard of his gettin' a letter," and the speaker stabbed his knife in apparent savage resentment into the cracker box upon which he was seated.

"Ho, listen to Caleb!" cried the boy at the window, derisively. "Ain't the Prophet got as much right here as you have? Whoever heard of a letter comin' for Caleb Green, either? Everybody knows what he comes for an' you, too, ef you should think you must be powerful in love to be gettin' jealous of the Prophet, though."

"Shut up, you everlastin' fool," cried Caleb, with a fierce lowering of the heavy dark brows. "There's one thing I hain't here for, an' that's to take back talk from you, so you shut up."

Again the boy paid no attention to the unfriendly reception of his remarks; he was watching the newcomer closely as he rode into the yard, dismounted, cared for his horse and came up the pathway to the door.

It was easy to see from the strained warmth of the greeting given the new arrival, that he was in some way apart from the rest of the men. He was a quaint figure, long, lank, and almost cadaverous, with arms and legs loose hung and swinging unsteadily as he walked. His face, with its short, unkempt beard, was



"You'll use the knife in my house, will you!

thin and bony, with uncertain mouth and chin and deep-set eyes, with an expression of continually looking beyond the limits of the vision of other men at something which they might not hope to see. A tangled mass of black hair, hanging about the collar of his red shirt, completed a singular appearance. And they said that he possessed the powers of a "seer;" that visions of the supernatural had come to him in a trance; that he spoke out of another world at these times, and knew nothing when the visions were past of what he had seen or said. And his fellows, while they ridiculed him for what he lacked from their standard of physical manhood, feared him for what he was. The "Prophet" he was called because of his mysterious powers, and Henry Powers, his real name, was seldom spoken.

As he entered he spoke a short word of greeting to the company at large and then, with eyes bent on the floor, he walked to a seat in the corner of the fire place where he sat for a long time, warming his thin hands before the blaze, before he cast a quick, furtive glance around from his deep-set eyes. Caleb Green, his traducer, still sat whittling at his pine stick in the corner, and at the sight of him there appeared a momentary

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A DEADLY DREAM.

Wedded to a Man She Did Not Love She Deserted Him for Another, When Her Vision of Joy Turned Suddenly to Night.

By CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

A lady, tastefully dressed, with a tall figure and aristocratic face, stood alone amid the crowd at Victoria Station en route for Paris. There was the usual bustle and noise, the hurried tender farewells around her, and she looked on with a new curiosity, as if the whole world had donned a fresh face and were, on a sudden, worth studying. A young man passed and bowed to her. She flushed crimson as she bent her head, and stepped quickly into her carriage. She was traveling for the first time in her life without her maid, and that fact above all others disconcerted her.

The train moved off; she sank down in the far corner of the carriage, and looked at the busy world with placid river with blind eyes. The stammer was flooded the compartment, and showed her to be about twenty-eight, and fitted to be a beauty, with a thin, well-shaped mouth and blue eyes. The extreme neatness of her hair and costume was relieved by a certain faithless elegance, beyond that fact she was unmistakably English. She carried conventional propriety in every movement, in the line of her upper lip, the droop of her eyelids, and the haughty indifference in the blue depths beneath them.

The rows of poor houses, alike in all but the variations of poverty, annoyed her, and arrested her thoughts. She leant back with a sigh and shut her eyes, and mentally reviewed her past life now that she was leaving it behind.

She reviewed her childhood, with her stiff, religious mother, and a father who like the old definition of what a gentleman should be as it is possible to find in this century —a man whose passion was sport and whose weakness was wine, who treated his daughters with good-natured contempt, and had married Lady Hilarete to the first man who proposed to her, when she was barely eighteen. She had accepted her fate calmly then, and had tolerated her husband's sporting proclivities. Time taught a son and less tolerance; husband and wife, never having possessed a single idea in common, drifted apart. He kept race horses, and forgot any other face than that of the betting ring. She spent half the year in her town house, where she shopped in the morning, drove in the park, and paid visits later, and ended each day with a dinner or theater, as regularly as possible. In the country she wrote innumerable dull letters, made clothes for the poor, strolled in the garden, or drove to some distant estate to visit a friend.

And this had been her life, with no variation, until a year before her journey to Paris. Then her boy, who was eight years old, and very delicate, had required a tutor. A certain Mr. Stanley had come, and dropped into the monotony of her life—a man with a brilliant face, and with a dark, handsome face, which attracted her curiosity at once.

He had left two months before, on the acquisition of a little property, which enabled him to travel; and she went over every incident of their parting, until her face blushed and her lips trembled.

She saw the cool drawing room with its dapping muslin curtains in the French window; saw the smooth lawn and neat flower beds outside, and knew, as she had known then, that, when he turned back after taking leave of her, her whole soul craved for the truth, and her eyes were dumbly entreating him to set her lips free to speak.

"I can't go without saying it," he began; "but, you know—you know——"

She remembered, as he strode forward, the light in his eyes, the whisper that reached her as his lips touched her cheek, and then—— She started to her feet, with the noisy train flying past the open country, under an August sun, to realise that she was going to him, would see him the very next day, and that the world was an altered place, and she an altered woman.

She swayed as the train rolled on, and put out her hand to steady herself against the woodwork of the

door. She saw peaceful English villages, and fields yellow with corn, the quaint churches in their garment of ivy, and the halo, which imagination decks them with, of the purity of Protestantism in the past. Her elopement meant much to a woman of her stamp.

"I lose all," she thought; "and I lose it willingly."

A scene with her husband two days before strengthened her resolve. It was merely the old story of a gentleman who forgets to be a gentleman to his wife; of a dinner party with some bachelor friends, and too much wine; of a coarse insult, and a taunt which stung her into revolt, "that he should kiss her French maid if he chose, since she was degrading herself by a flirtation with the tutor."

How this thing, in which there had been so much innocence, and so little to blame, had come to his ears, she was at a loss to discover, but the reason mattered little. He left to go to some races next day. She dismissed the maid—and telegraphed to her friend.

His answer merely said, "I shall meet you in Paris, at the hotel you name, on Tuesday morning. The world is very good to me at last, and I never knew what a woman's love was, or what joy life could hold for me, till now."

She had told one of the housemaids to fill a small box with clothes, left all her husband's gifts of jewelry behind, and, with an income sufficient for herself, derived from her mother's legacy, began a new life. A letter to her husband did not spare herself; she excused nothing, blamed no one. Her boy was with her sister-in-law, a rich maiden lady, who contemplated making him her heir. He was an exact reproduction of his father, and she lacked a woman's tenderness where he was concerned, and admitted it with shame. That a stern mother, whose sense of religious duty made her hard to her daughter, and a careless father, were to blame in her youth, never occurred to her. Nothing womanly had ever been roused until she encountered Richard Stanley, and into her love for him all the repression of her whole life melted and changed, until her whole nature altered, too.

The delirium of doing something unprecedented was in her veins. She loved the rush of the train hurrying towards the sea, away from the sleepy country which never appealed to her, and which was connected with all her past life. There was a strange expression in her blue eyes, as if a certain girlish reticence were suddenly abolished, and she was so absolutely and simply "glad" that she could have sung like a child from very happiness. Loving the man as she did, the guilt of what she was doing hardly touched her, save that in its social sense it stung her (as to a woman of her education and associations it was bound to do) with the knowledge that men would speak of her, and women condemn, as she herself, in her unassailed position as an exemplary wife, had often condemned others. The wrong of it moved her strangely, and she exulted in the knowledge that she was sacrificing her principles to this man, with a clear understanding that she suffered in so doing. But above all these things, and rising triumphant, there was the intoxicating thought that she was going to him, would live her whole life by his side, in a new existence, glorified by such complete bliss and devotion that it seemed almost impossibly wonderful.

Rochester Cathedral, as she was borne past, made her draw back as if wounded. It evoked memories of the strong arm of the church, and its stern denunciation of such conduct as hers. It recalled her mother, and her mother's death bed, which, after a life which had distorted the religion she professed, and made it hateful to her child, had shown the marvelous comfort of such belief, and the wonderful peace with which it transforms the last trembling hold on this earth into a glorious birth into another world.

She sank back on the seat, and closed her eyes. Stanley alone could banish these phantoms, and his thin, lithe figure, and grave, earnest face, were vividly reflected in the mirror of her mind. She recalled little incidents during his sojourn in her house—his courtesy to her, his patience with her husband and boy—recalled the long summer afternoons idled away in the sunlit garden, when he taught her all she had ever learnt of the world of books and great men, of the dying struggles of this century, of men and women who thought, and wrote, and suffered, with eyes from which the bandage of conventionality had been plucked by sorrow and the experience it brings. She learnt that what she had dimly guessed at was on the tongues of such thinkers all their lives; that, with the realization of certain narrow limits choking the progress of civilization, they strove to break asunder the barriers; that cant and affection defeated much of what was best and might have attained its end; that the old age of the nineteenth century was not all noise, and that, under its apparent advertisements, there crept upwards slowly, but just as surely, certain innovations which would reap a rich harvest in time to come.

At last, there was the sea, a calm, placid blue, with the sun bright on the white cliffs, and the fresh, salt air in her face. She followed the rest of the passengers on board, having been forced to return for her dressing case, with the sudden recollection that she had no maid to look after her things for her, and that she was leaving it behind.

She was shown to a cabin, but deserted it at once, and, in a long desk chair, sat, with half-closed eyes, idly content to feel the sun's warmth through her parasol, and with a delicious consciousness that she had no husband to come and bother her, and no petulant child to keep in order.

England grew small in the distance; the white cliffs became a mere indistinct line with a mist above them; the motion of the vessel rocked her to sleep, and she dreamt of wandering through Italy with Stanley, and woke to the glorious certainty of meeting him soon.

She was amused in watching the people at Calais, as she took lunch in the restaurant. Never had the rest of the world seemed so attractive, and the sight of a pale woman at the next table, with a red-faced English husband, who swore between each mouthful of chicken, made her exult once more in the recollection that these things were no longer part of her life.

The hours between Calais and Paris passed in dreams. She imagined Stanley's arrival the next day from the south—his delight at seeing her; wondered, with a blush, if the strangeness of being alone with him in the hotel would make her shy. She rehearsed her first words, and imagined his reply; went over the scene again and again, but never any further than the first close embrace—the future left to him.

The flat country, with its tall, narrow poplar trees pointing a frail finger towards the sky, seemed all part of the new life to come, and every figure in its quaint blue blouse, and every French village, seemed to take place in a glorious program which meant happiness to come, and spelt Paradise.

She wondered if he looked at the same sunset with as throbbing expectation of meeting her as soon as that which shook her from head to foot, as she remembered in waves of delight that only one night had to pass before she saw him. She loved the great city as it suddenly showed its thousands of roofs and grew a reality; loved the steaming into the bright, noisy station, loved the feeling that she was actually there, and when, after the examination of her box, she was at last in an open fiacre rattling merrily across the Paris stones, she could have cried for joy at being in the "Champagne City," which was such a fitting background for her new life.

A paroxysm of shyness seized her as she neared the hotel. Her lack of knowledge of the life into which she was entering had caused her to choose one where she was known, where she had stayed for a few days the year previous, with her husband and child, and the accompanying retinue of his valet, her maid, and an older servant who had been the boy's nurse and in her husband's family years before. Her customary dignity carried her through, and, having procured a sitting room, in which she ordered dinner, she sat down helplessly in front of her box, staggered by the sudden recollection that she must unpack it herself. With a determination to procure a maid at the earliest opportunity, she unlocked and opened the box, with a tired sigh. Later, she could have cried when she realized, with a start, that she had never been able to arrange her hair becomingly herself, and she only revived, later, when she discovered from the chambermaid, who came in briskly, with a bright smile and gleaming teeth, and offered to help her arrange her clothes, that a coiffeur lived next door, and could be sent for in the morning.

It was impossible to eat, and absolutely impossible to sleep. She lay with eyes wide open, watching the moonlight creep in between the curtains, and listening to the noises in the street. She was so ill with nervous apprehension that something might prevent Stanley meeting her, that even the knowledge that she would look the worse after a sleepless night prevented her composing herself for one instant. She did not know what hour his train arrived, and she had been ashamed to ask the evening before. When the dawn painted the room an unearthly gray, and the bed clothes were a tumbled heap, she turned her back on the windows and fell asleep, with one white arm, in its soft muslin sleeve, flung across the coverlet, palm upwards, as if appealing to someone and for something which her proud face would never express.

She woke suddenly, and sat up, with a puzzled wonder at the unaccustomed aspect of the room. The events of the last few days crowded into her recollection with a rush; she sprang out of bed, pulled the curtains wide apart, and ran to learn the time from her neat traveling clock on the mantelpiece. It was already nine o'clock, and, in a panic of excitement, she rang for the maid. She learnt later, from the same source, that the hotel omnibus had arrived empty, and that no visitors had come from Biarritz. She dressed with an anxious face, and was fretted beyond bearing by the talkative coiffeur who dressed her hair. Then she went out herself and sent a telegram to Stanley, asking if he had missed the train, and when she might expect him.

She drove to the Louvre to do some shopping, conscious that she moved and spoke like a person under the influence of some drug. It was impossible to fix her mind on anything, and she chose a new hat in the Rue de la Paix at random, with the certainty ten minutes after that she should never wear it. But the hours had to be passed somehow, and she ordered dejeuner in her sitting room, with a pitiful reflection that even to try and eat gave her occupation. Her horror of being all alone among strangers, after constant supervision all her life, made her singularly helpless. She asked if there were a telegram from her so often that the waiter must have entertained doubts of her sanity. She flung herself on the sofa after a futile attempt to swallow some food, and watched the sunlight dancing on the frivolous many-colored wall paper, much as she had watched the moonlight in the dreary hours of the night. She slept at last, from absolute fatigue, and woke with a dreamy consciousness that all would come well, and that she had never known the delicious sense of rest as she knew it then, and so fell asleep again. When she roused, the afternoon was many hours older. She went into the bed room and put her pretty hair in order, and washed her face and hands. Then she wandered from room to room, tortured by waiting, and at last went downstairs in search of a newspaper, cheating herself into the belief that she might calm her nerves by reading.

The Salon de Lecture was a long, narrow room with stiff chairs covered in red velvet, a number of mirrors, and one oblong table. An American girl, flirting with a handsome young Frenchman, glanced up and admired her slim figure and undeniable elegance as she entered. A fat English matron, with two young daughters, who were whispering over a fashion plate, turned and watched the newcomer with placid interest. An old man, with all the hair he possessed, a mustache, beard, and three hairs on his forehead, buried in the Times, presented a broad British back and shiny bald head to the company in general. A timid little French girl on her honeymoon sat in the window, her paper dropped on the floor, her large eyes pathetic with the longing for home and the little mother in a Normandy chateau, who had wept so many tears at parting, and whose care could never be replaced by the pettish, effeminate bridegroom, who had gone to procure tickets for a theater that night.

These people looked at the English lady and noted her beautiful face, and the diamonds on her long, slim fingers, as she moved an evening paper forward and glanced down it. The little French bride saw her face change into a mask of absolute terror, and started to her feet. The others had the horror of it reflected in their wondering eyes, for the mask they watched paled, until it was a quivering likeness to a human face after death; the lips shook and dropped at the corners, the pink and white skin changed to gray, and the great blue eyes staring wildly in front of them saw a scene which they could not even guess at, which drew the light and youth from them forever.

On the table lay a paper containing the announcement of a terrible railway accident to the night train from Biarritz, and Richard Stanley's name was among the dead.

A STRANGE CRIME.

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flash of fire in the eyes and cheeks of the Prophet, and then this died away and left his face lusterless.

Old Peter was right; the north wind blew colder and stronger as the afternoon advanced, and a few scattering flakes of snow whitened the brown rocks in the Pass. It was plain that a heavy storm was raging down the mountain, and four o'clock came and was followed by five, without the appearance of the mail carrier.

Peter was triumphant at the fulfillment of his prophecy, and yet was nervous and anxious, for he felt the duties and the dignity of his office heavy upon him, and the slow passage of another hour with no signs of the mail did not lessen his anxiety. If his composure was gone, his hospitality did not leave him—that never deserts a New Mexican mountaineer. He raised his voice from the corner where he sat moodily staring at the fire.

"Samanthy!" he called, "oh, Samanthy!"

At the sound of the name, so loudly spoken, there was a perceptible stir in the room, and even the Prophet turned his eyes expectantly toward a low door at the rear of the room, where, in response to the call, a young woman appeared.

"What you want, Dad?" she questioned, before she gave a word to the company.

"Get plenty of supper," he answered; "I 'low they'll all be here a good spell yet."

"Certain," the girl said; "I'll get a plenty. I don't want no parcel of hungry men hangin' around the house," and she laughed a recognition at the whole group, and then dropped her eyes, confused, as she met the earnest gaze of the Prophet, with one of the few gleams of life and animation showing in the deep eyes and parted lips.

"Howdy, Henry?" she said, singling him out first, and then, propitiatingly, she found Caleb Green by a hasty glance around the room, and favored him with a little half-smile and a short "Howdy, Caleb?"

This was the secret of the constant attendance of Caleb and the Prophet on mail day—the love of this daughter of old Saint Peter. And she was worthy of it, for she was beautiful, and that is always a sufficient reason for being loved. Hers was the fresh, rosy beauty, suggestive of the free life which she lived, and of perfect health of body and mind. Some women must be judged according to certain standards to be accounted beautiful, but in calling Samantha Palmer beautiful one did not think of standards at all; he only thought of her. And these two men were not her only lovers; she was the subject of the dreams of every youth of that wide neighborhood, but Caleb and the Prophet were the marks of her especial favor. She was gracious to Caleb with a touch of true womanliness, because her father despised him and his wild shiftless ways and careless habits, and perhaps, his fierce, impetuous wooing had its attractions for her. She encouraged the Prophet for his own sake, because he was different from other men. Was it not something to be loved by a man of such mysterious gifts—by one who stood upon friendly terms with other worlds? And her father liked the Prophet and encouraged her in liking him.

The momentary glimpse of her fair face served only to add to Caleb's fierceness and sullenness of manner and to the Prophet's abstraction. Such men never learn to curb or disguise their feelings. The most careless observer knows to a nicety when sentiment or passion stirs them.

These two studiously avoided any recognition of one another; they took no part in the discussion of neighborhood affairs in which the others engaged, except that Caleb would sometimes growl a word of dissent at some of the sentiments of the others. The Prophet preserved a moody silence until after the lapse of half an hour Samantha reappeared in the low doorway to announce supper.

The great room which served as dining room and kitchen in one had apparently been built with an eye to such exigencies as this; it would have seated as many more comfortably, and the table of rough boards was one of the same generous proportions, the dozen men ranging themselves boisterously and hungrily upon the improvised seats of boxes and boards. Samantha waited upon them, serving the antelope steak, bread and coffee with a lavish hand, as their fresh air appetites demanded.

It was a delicate matter to serve rival lovers at the same table, and an undertaking before which many girls would have shrunk, but Samantha's clear eye showed a touch of unusual fire as she passed from one to the other, pausing behind each to fill his plate. It was a simple touch of natural coquetry, always pardonable in womankind, except from the standpoint of baited lovers. There was a gleam of real pleasure in her face as she saw Caleb's increasing irritability as the meal progressed, and she continued her strict impartiality in her treatment of himself and the Prophet. Nothing so serves to stimulate jealousy in the heart of a lover as to find himself placed simply upon an equality with other men. A delicate attention to the Prophet in the way of a well-broiled steak was offset by a fresh cup of coffee for himself, and if she smiled at the Prophet, she spoke a commonplace word to him, upon some topic of neighborhood interest, and her enjoyment was as keen as his discomfiture.

It is only in the veriest romance that the appetite is affected by the pulses of the tender passion. Caleb and the Prophet were merely healthful, natural men, and they ate their full allowance of Samantha's generous supper.

"Well, boys," Peter said, at last, with true western frankness, "there's nothing more to eat; let's quit," and he pushed back his chair and arose, the others reluctantly following his example.

Was it chance that the doorway was low and narrow, so that only one could pass at a time? Was it chance which brought both the Prophet and Caleb to the door at the same time? Neither would give place to the other, for both were stirred by the pangs of jealousy, and each tried to pass first, crowding angrily and blocking the doorway, until the Prophet, more agile than the other, pushed his way through.

Caleb's bitter temper was on fire. "D—n you!" he cried, angrily; "d—n you, you infernal dog! I'll teach you to take a dog's place!" and he struck the Prophet in the face with his open hand. In an instant the two men had closed, bending and struggling fiercely in the dim light of the dying fire. A sudden burst of flame from the embers shone upon a knife in Caleb's hand and upon a stream of blood on the face of the Prophet.

It was old Peter's burly strength which forced them apart, and which wrested the knife, wet with blood, from Caleb's hand and held him in a grasp of iron, while the others cared for the Prophet.

"You'll use the knife in my house, will you!" old Peter roared and under the sinewy grasp on his collar Caleb trembled. "You'll have folks talkin' about my house an' sayin' that I keep that kind of a place, will you?" and he held Caleb's struggling form out at arm's length to administer a vigorous kick.

Caleb's knife was gone, and disarmed as he was he stood in wholesome awe of Peter's superior strength, and dared not resent this treatment at his hands, for he knew the old man was aroused.

"D—n you," he said sullenly, when Peter's grasp had relaxed, after a final shake; "if you'd kept your hands off I'd a had him out of the way by this time, an' a good job it'd a been, too."

Peter did not heed this; he was concerned now about the wounded man.

"Samanthy," he called, "bring a light here, quick, "and the girl, who had heard the unusual noise from the kitchen, came in, pale and wide-eyed, carrying the one flickering oil lamp which the house boasted.

"Hold it here," Peter said, while he made a hasty examination of the Prophet's wound, an unguarded light of genuine sympathy showing in the girl's eyes as she stood holding the light.

The knife had only made a slight wound in the scalp.

"Get some rags, Samanthy," Peter said, and she tore up some bandages and helped her father as he bound up the wound, and then the Prophet silently resumed his old seat in the chimney corner and the group gradually regained its lost interest in more ordinary things and argued the reasons for the delay of the mail. Even the Prophet lost his abstraction and joined with the rest. It was only Caleb who was silent and still sullen.

Samantha finished her work in the kitchen, then went quietly through the large front room, past the group of men and out doors, without a glance at any of them. Caleb arose and followed her, as she knew he would.

She walked down toward the shed where her chickens were kept at night and he quietly stepping behind her, and waiting until she had closed and fastened the door and turned to go back before he spoke.

"Samanthy!" he said, and she appeared to be surprised at his presence and retreated a step or two.

"'Pears to me like there was no call for you to foller me," she said, rather icily.

"Samanthy," he said, falteringly, and then his manner changed. "Yes they was," he cried passionately, stepping closer to her; "you know they was. I wish to God I'd a killed him—I wish to God I had. Then mebbe things 'd be different," and his voice shook and he stopped.

"Yes, I guess mebbe they would," she answered with speech as indefinite as his.

He could not see her face—it was too dark; he could only see that she was there, and she spoke with the same coolness in her voice.

"Samanthy!" he said, with a return to the imploring tone, "ain't you got 'nothin' else to say to me?"

"I dunno," she answered, "as I've got any call to say anything more to you."

Her apparent carelessness exasperated him; he struck his hands fiercely together. "I wish to God I'd a killed him!" he repeated, and then his mood changed again. "Look here, Samanthy," he said; "you know I love ye. I hain't never said so just that way, but you've knowed it all along, an' they wasn't no use in sayin' it. You know I love ye; what makes ye act so?" and before she could move to prevent it he had taken her in his arms, but she broke away and was running toward the house when he overtook her and grasped her by the arm.

"Wait," he cried passionately, "I want you to tell me right now."

"Don't touch me," she cried breathlessly; "don't touch me, when you be thinkin' murder, and almost doin' it. Let me loose," and she struggled to free herself.

"Yes," he repeated, with tightened grasp.

"I be thinkin' murder, and I'll do murder, too, if you don't tell me."

"Let me loose," she begged, using all her strength to break away from him. "I reckon Dad knowed what he was talkin' about."

"What's he been tellin' you?" Caleb demanded. "Lies, dead sure; nobody tells you nothin' but lies about me. What's he been sayin'?"

"He 'lowed you was shiftless," she told him, plainly; "jest nat'rally shiftless an' no 'count, 'lowed I'd ruther to have nothin' to do with you."

"Lord!" he cried, between his teeth and with an oath he pushed her from him so roughly that she fell to the ground, but as she was up again in an instant running toward the house. He did not attempt to overtake her this time; he did not go toward the house, but stood motionless with clinched hands where she left him.

CHAPTER II.

Bright and early on that Wednesday morning, Steve, the carrier, had left the mail station on the Pass and driven the range with the mail pouch slung across his horse in front of the saddle. It was a beautiful morning down in the valley, with the lazy warmth of sunlight and balminess of air peculiar to the valleys of New Mexico, and the ride of fifteen miles across the plains was pleasant and soon accomplished, and then the long ascent of the mountain slope began. The slope was steep and rocky, and the trail wound back and forth in a devious fashion amongst the masses of rocks and the great pines and cedars, seeking the smoothest places for the ascent. The pony had to be halted often for rest and breath and then at last there came a halt at noon that the man and beast might still the pangs of a keen mountain appetite. Steve was hungry, indeed, and ate with his whole attention directed upon the business and did not notice until the last crumb was gone that the sky had been suddenly overcast by a mass of dull gray clouds, which hung upon the mountain side above him.

"Hello, old Baldy," he said to the pony, for lack of other auditor, "that looks like bad weather. Reckon we'd better hurry, I'm colder. Snow, do you reckon?" But the pony was too thoroughly occupied with his search for scanty tufts of grass to heed anything, and Steve made hasty preparations to move on. "It'll never do, Baldy," he said to the pony, "for us to get caught in a snow, especially if it should be dark afore we get there. We better be a movin'. Step up lively now," and the patient little beast resumed its sturdy struggle up the slope.

It was a spirited race between the pony and the storm, but nature's breath never ceased while that of the pony grew short and panting and they had to make frequent pause in their contest to allow the little animal to breathe, as an engine stops for coal and water. There were no whistling the piercing cold wind, and in an hour the snow began falling in great flakes, and soon the air was filled with the mad whirl of white, blown by the rising storm, wind with blinding force into the faces of the pony and man, and the ground was covered.

For another hour they drove on unperturbed, and then he stopped, willingly enough, in response to a well known touch on the shoulder.

"Ain't no use no more, Baldy," Steve said, as he dismounted, "we might just as well stop right where we be, 'cause I can't see the hill no more 'n I can the nose of a blowin'. We might just as well stop and wait till it quits, an' not freeze the life out on both of us, and be sent hastily to work to prepare a shelter for the night."

Near by a great cedar, long shorn down by the wind, lay in a convenient position, and Steve began with a sloping roof of rock and cedar branches and heaped them against the log, making a sloping roof almost on the flat and tight and warm as one of shingles, furnishing a narrow but snug retreat and shelter from the severest storm. The dense overhanging boughs of another cedar close by, with a few more, Steve shaped into a protection for the pony, and when a roaring fire of various wood had been kindled Steve felt that there was nothing to be desired as an addition to their comfort.

Still the snow fell, fast and furious, driving, flying and hissing into the leaping blaze of the camp fire, and when the early twilight began to shroud the landscape with indistinctness it was nearly a foot deep upon the trail.

Steve had employed himself industriously in cutting a great heap of firewood for the night, and in making comfortable secure for his own and his pony's comfort, and there was no shadow of uneasiness in his mind as he made his last visit to the improvised stable, and then prepared and ate his supper of bacon and coffee. And then he heaped his fire high with logs and crawling, feet foremost, into his sleeping bag with his pipe and lay with his chin upon his hands gazing at the leaping flames.

"It is lonesome, sure enough," he muttered, as he listened to the roar of the storm. "I reckon the boys who have letters a comin' will go crazy at the Pass, but they'll keep all right and safe."

Slowly his pipe burned out, and then his head began to nod, it was warm and dozing time and Steve soon stretched himself lazily wrapped his blanket closer about his shoulders and fell quietly asleep.

When he awoke, hours afterwards, the fire had fallen to a bed of glowing coals, which gave up, here and there, a tiny thread of blue smoke, a straggling ghost of fitful flame when the wind fanned it, over everything there was a weird half-light, making all appear grotesque and indistinct, and this was only heightened and intensified by the first gray appearance of dawn over the plains to the eastward. Steve shivered, not with fear, but from a drowsy sense of the dreariness and chill of the outlook, then crept from his bed and piled the embers high with cedar brush until the blaze burst out and leaped far upward and the shadows shrank away.

The storm had abated, but it was bitter cold, and Steve shivered again as he thought of the long ride ahead of him. The fresh blaze and the sight of the moving figure brought a whinny from the patient pony in his shelter near by, and Steve stepped toward him to see how he had fared through the night, when he was arrested by a rush of muffled hoof-beats upon the trail above, rapidly approaching, and the next moment a horse came into view at a struggling gallop, with a rider tugging at the bridle rein. As they passed the camp the horse stumbled and fell, rolling over and over upon the trail, and throwing his rider violently from the saddle. The horse was up again in a moment, and galloped on, leaving the man motionless among the stones. Steve hurried to him, and lifting him in his arms, carried him as well as he could into the circle of the fire-light. He laid him down that he might examine his injuries, and as the face came to view he started from his crouch, and then stood over it. It was Caleb Green, coatless, wild and disheveled.

"My Lord!" Steve cried, as he recognised the face, "what on earth brought you here? What's he doin' here this time o' night?"

He knelt beside the figure, unbuttoned the collar of the shirt and flannel, and chafed the face and neck vigorously with a handful of snow, and then began rubbing and restoring consciousness. A few drops of whisky from his canteen, forced between the parted lips brought a gurgle and a gasp, and then Caleb's eyelids quivered and came slowly open. When he saw the man bending over him he started violently and rose upon his elbow, fell back and again with a sharp exclamation of pain. "My leg's broke," he muttered, sinking back.

It was only the work of a minute for Steve to make a rough and ready splint for the injured limb. "Fain't broke," he said, "you must have strained it. There hain't nothin' that shows. Now, you just lay still and I'll gallopin' that way for, over this trail, when a man's hurt he ought to be tuned and quiet. the Old Un was after you the way you was rippin' along."

"Your cursed fire blazed up sudden and scared her," Caleb returned faintly. "It was my little sorrel mare, and she won't stop this side of Magdalena. God," he cried, a little later, opening his eyes, as he seemed to have a sudden recollection of something that had driven him from camp, "him. "Have you only got one pony with you?"

"What'd I be doin' with two?" Steve asked by way of answer. "One's enough on this darn trail. I'm goin' to the Pass, though, as we can't do no better. "Fain't quite twenty mile yet, but I'll be there by noon, for the first time I've walked it. We can get there afore night, all right."

"I ain't goin' to the Pass," Caleb said shortly. "I'm a goin' down."

"You ain't fit to ride on my hoss, not today." Steve answered. "I'm goin' up." And then he looked at his companion with a western inquisitiveness. "But what in thunder be you a doin' out here in this kind of shape?" he asked. "Is everything in the matter up to the Pass? What you a doin' out here this time o' night, then?"

Caleb's brows lowered. "Fain't none of your business, I reckon," he replied, "I'm just a goin' down, that's all."

"Are you?" Steve returned, sharply, nettled at the rebuff, "you'll cut a pretty figure goin' down afoot over this trail, forty miles, with a broken leg, won't you?"

Caleb's only answer was a groan, as the tenderness of the injured limb made itself felt, and Steve stood waiting for developments. His pride was touched, and he would not offer to further sign, he busied himself in saddling his pony and gathering his effects and then he turned to Caleb Green. "I guess I was ready he spoke sharply to Caleb.

"Well, I'm a goin' down now. I'll h'ist ye into the saddle, an' I can walk behind ye and hold on."

Caleb submitted with a meekness that was surprising. It was a slow process, for the injured leg must be moved as little as possible, several efforts he was pinced in the saddle and then began the descent of the trail, though his lips were white and compressed with every movement of his limb. Steve threw the mail-pouch across the little beast, in front of the saddle, and then slowly and painfully they began the descent, Caleb leaning forward with his hands upon the horn of the saddle and Steve walking at one of his weight as much as possible, and Steve walking at the pony's head, picking the smoothest places in the trail and directing the little animal's progress as well as he could.

The deep snow made progress very slow, and at last Caleb groaned.

"If you can hold yourself on I'll walk ahead and break the path, and you can follow right in my tracks, an' it'll be a heap easier on quicker."

"Go on," Caleb answered; "I can hold on all right," and Steve dropped the bridle and walked ahead.

A few rods ahead a sharp turn in the trail took them out of the wind, and a ledge of rock, and here the wind had heaped up a great drift of snow, and Steve had to work to break a path through it for the feet of the pony. When this was done he stood waiting for Caleb to come up.

"He's almighty slow," he growled, and even back of the pain and fear of Steve was the cause of the delay. A fierce imprecation burst from Caleb's lips as the pony pouch lying upon the snow, while far down the trail Caleb and the pony were fast passing from sight amongst the pines and cedars.

CHAPTER III.

The men at the fire waited patiently, though anxiously, for the arrival of the carrier with the mail, but it closed and locked and the group about the fire grew drowsy and conversation was carried on drearily. Now they would nod and start and nodded as one man; then one would think of something and awaken another, and the flame of conversation would be fanned into life again, only to flicker out and die speedily.

Samantha, after her meeting with Caleb, had come in flushed and excited and had been invisible for the rest of the evening, and Caleb, when he appeared as snow afterward, was more sullen than ever and had no word for anyone. He even kept his lips closed when some of the younger men attempted with good-natured, though rough raillery, to arouse his well-known temper, until the astonishment lost its savor and they left him in peace.

"Where's Samanthy?" one of the boys demanded, suddenly, addressing the question to no one in particular. "Why don't she come in an' fling us out? 'Fears like it'd be mighty good to have her give us a song while we're waitin'."

"Never you mind, Samanthy," old Peter said, with a quick apprehension from the girl's manner, that there had been trouble between her and Caleb. "If you want any songs you can sing 'em yourself, and I'll tune," and silence fell again.

Peter's keen, kind and furtive eyes had not failed to notice that there had probably been a meeting between Samantha and Caleb, and he judged from the girl's appearance upon her entrance that his own interest with her had suffered. And he had not seen her look of sympathy when she helped her father dress his wound? Caleb's sudden aspect when he came in, before the mask of sullenness fell, the strength of his conviction; and altogether he was in high good humor.

Then Caleb came and went, harshly and vibrantly announced by the little nickel bell attached to the door, and then all was place. Two or three of the men who had retired with the boys made room for them themselves and stretched, noisily yawning and, after threatening to sit the hour out in the storm-wind without, someone questioned what effect the heavy storm and drifting snow would have upon the dreaded outbreak of the Navajo Indians from the reservation down in New Mexico.

"There was a feller from back in Missouri headed for Californy that passed by afo," one of the men said, "a-lookin' for a short cut to the Adams diggin's, like all the rest of 'em, and he 'lowed he'd been here an' hears 'em. He hain't come off the mountain, and reckon he's snowed in, an' I reckon they're a-a-'rin' his scalp."

"Ugh!" Peter grunted, with the last emission of tobacco juice, "they had a sure 'nough war-dance a little while ago—no mistake about it, regular, too, with the feathers an' paint an' all. There was one stabbed, and then scalped, an' I'll bet with some fox skins to trade, an' she said so-and-so, and he said so-and-so, and then were there."

The Prophet roused himself in his corner.

"Did you ever see the Navajo war step?" he asked, of the company at large.

The men looked and were all silent. "I seen it two year ago, when I was up Santa Fe way," one replied, after a time. "A sudden movement he threw off his coat, and tightening his belt, he stepped into the open middle of the floor and began chanting in a monotone in a peculiar, broken meter to the time with the quick, light steps of a dance equally as weird and curious. Then he began to sway his body gently to the guttural effect and making an interpretative dance, leaping fire-like, then, others making way for him and eagerly bending forward to see.

As he danced he seemed to gain interest of his own in his performance, and though his chant was strange in its wild, fierce gasps, and his chant was broken, he danced with wonderful grace and skill, and suddenly and he staggered like a drunken man; then he stood still, straight and rigid, with half-uttered face and outstretched arms, his eyes shining, glassy and expressionless, and then he began chanting in a monotone of lines.

For many moments he stood so, with his lips moving inarticulately, while the others drew back hushed and awe-struck. Was it the Prophet who came in the door? Caleb Green seemingly indicating him with the long, outstretched arms, while his only words in late words were: "Blood, blood! I see it! I see it!" and then he stood motionless and speechless.

"It is one of his spells," one of the men whispered, almost audibly, and they grew hushed, watching him intently, with wide eyes and parted lips. Suddenly and he staggered and fell to the floor.

Steve sprang forward and him to the fire, and cared for him as gently as their rough knowledge of how to do it. It was that the nearer men get to Nature the more superstitious they become concerning her mysteries, and even when they effected almost scorn for the Prophet, now felt a sort of awe-struck wonder at his peculiar fear, as they stood looking down into the face of the Prophet. Despite all their efforts he lay for many minutes, rigid, lifeless, then there was a slow heaving of the chest, the flutter of the hands and eyelids, and life began to come slowly back to him. Then he looked around him, raised himself and arose, returning to his old seat, and his face was as the blank mask, cold, haggard, and none of them spoke to him.

"Well, boys," old Peter said, at last, with a brusque attempt to throw off the depression which he knew had possession of every one of them, "we might as well give up the mail for tonight, for it won't come now no more 'n in the morning. Some o' you come where down on the trail to wait for mornin's. You might just as well get to your blankets right here, for nobody will disturb by the fire. They hain't room for you anywhere else, and you're welcome here, I know that without the tellin'."

The men who knew old Peter was far famed for his rough hospitality. One by one they straggled out to the stable to care for their horses before unfolding their blankets and beginning a good-natured disputation as to who should have the choice nearest the fire for the night's sleep.

Caleb stood apart and joined with them in their badinage, but waiting for them to get themselves settled. He seemed to avoid any contact with them. Only once he came out of his shell of sullen silence. When old Peter produced the knife from him, early in the evening, he had stuck it in his own belt and appropriated it, a fact which, not showing here and there upon the blade.

"Throw my knife," Caleb said, roughly, when chance brought Peter near him, as he was caring for his guests. The old man would have complied readily enough, but there lingered in his mind a half superstitious belief in some supernatural import in the Prophet's wild words, voiced in the moment of the derangement of trance, and he hesitated.

"No," he said shortly, "not till mornin', 'Taint quite safe for you to sleep with a knife about ye, when ye ain't in very good natur', I reckon I better keep it till mornin'."

Some of the others had heard the short conference and were expectedly awaiting development. Caleb saw this and did not deem it wise to provoke the old man's superior strength to action.

"I'd like to stick it in your heart for interferin' with me," he said nobly. "If you'll just let me alone, I'll a done you all a good turn gittin' him out o' the way." He turned away abruptly, and began preparations for the night.

With a ready adaptability to circumstances, born of their free life, they wrapped their coarse, heavy blankets about them, without the trouble of making a night's toilet, and stretched their lengths upon the hard board floor, dropping asleep as easily and naturally as a dog does before the fire. Only old Peter took his place with the rest, after their rude code of hospitality, and that he might be in readiness should Steve put in an appearance during the night.

It was a picture for a painter, that group of a dozen men, wrapped in their blankets, asleep, flow and limb over the floor and, unequally, as he felt the discomfort of the hard resting place, or some half-formed words would be muttered, out of the depths of a dream. Once old Peter arose and crossed himself reverently, and threw some fresh wood upon the dying fire before he took his place and fell into a light doze of the storm without was the only thing private in the room of life in the Pass, but for the heavy breathing of the men. So the night passed. The first gray signs of dawn began to appear in the pale, frosty little window when one of the men stretched himself, yawned and sat up with a start, and then began stirring the others with his foot, or a hand upon them, being active, ready for another day—all but old Peter. Some one stooped over him and shook him by the shoulder, and then with a little fury which sent a shiver through every one present.

"Lord God, boys! Saint Peter's dead he's stabbed, and his throat cut from ear to ear!"

(Concluded in next issue.)

TELLING THEM OF TAMPA.

Weary months I've spent in Tampa, where the nuches grow and grow,
'Tis a wondrous fruit, dear sister, which fact I'll let you know.
And it grows—please pass the butter!—grows in bunches by the dozen, as I said—
Sister! just a few potatoes! Mother, won't you pass the gravy?
There's another curious product of that most delightful clime,
'Tis the pig tree, where the park blooms—Sister! will you please to hand the lime?
And this pig tree—Mother! say, this hominy is quite passable all O. K.
Tell you all about our cane life? Certainly—please pass bread!
Well, we up in the morning and at night we go to bed.
Then, sometimes, wee-Sister! help me to another chicken salad, say!
Yes, and then, again, we—Mother! what fish is that? Is it bass?
Did we have good meals at Tampa? Yes, indeedy—in a hurry!
Best in the land we lived—Sister! give me one more ear of corn!
Meals? Why, there were so delightful that I—Mother! pour the tea!
Tee—Tampa—Sister! is that sure cotash I see?
Well, as I was saying, camp life is—Sister! pass the slaw!
Camp life, I say, is—Mother! just a bit more stick—er—medium raw.
To go back to camp life: Will I have some chicken salad, say?
Will I? Why, of course I will! Sister! won't you pass the bread this way!
Down in Tampa—sorry that, Mother! Did I hear you mention pie?
Ice cream? Why, it used to be heaven in the sky!
Down in Tampa—may mother! just two lumps in all I take!
Down at Orchard old Tampa; sister! won't you pass the cake!

Qualifying.

"Did you know," said the old colored man, "dat curses like chickens come home to roost?"

"I'e hyuhd it," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "an' I 'specks it's trood. I allus thought chickens was de on'y critters dat gittin' home in dis neighborhood."

Not Her Class.

Miss Antique—No; I didn't attend the horse show.
Miss Caustic—I didn't think you would.
Miss Antique—Why?
Miss Caustic—Only thoroughbreds were on exhibition.

His Reason.

"Why are you so crazy to go to that bicycle race?" asked Mrs. Darley.

"I want to see the wheels go round," replied Mr. Darley.

Another Instance.

"Maud says she is madly in love with her new dentist."

"Huh! Another case where man is displaced by machinery."

The Difference.

Pip—The great difference between white lies and black ones is—

Quip—That the first are belong to ourselves, and the latter to other people.

Not at All Garrulous.

Gotpunks—Money talks, you know.
Nowadays—No, I don't know. I've never got within speaking distance of it.

The Cause.

He—Why are you so cold?
She—It may be because you are something of a frost.

WHERE WISDOM FAILED.

A Strange Story of Life and Love's Conflicting Currents and the Baffling Mystery of Fate's Decrees.

By ELLEN PRIZELL WYKOFF.

SYNOPSIS.

[Mr. Randolph, an infirm old man living alone with his servants at River Crag, calls Reuel Dunbar, presumably the nephew of his housekeeper, that Mrs. Randolph was untrue to him, and that he cast her out one winter night. He also tells of having secreted a large quantity of gold which he cannot find. He asks Reuel to help him find his child, born after the expulsion of the mother, and the gold.]

CHAPTER III.

VISITORS AT RIVER CRAG.

Mrs. Hodges came forward, a letter in her hand.

"It is a letter for Mr. Randolph," she said.

Mrs. Hodges was the housekeeper at River Crag. She was a stout, pleasant mannered woman of sixty, well preserved and comely still. Whatever might be said of River Crag and its surroundings, there was nothing mysterious about Mrs. Hodges. A sweet, wholesome, lovable woman she was, and, living here, she reminded one of some fresh, homely herb useful and growing in a poison-ladened and noisome place. Behind their large, gold-rimmed glasses her kindly eyes shone brightly still, and her iron gray hair was carefully parted and drawn back from her round, rosy face that was like nothing so much as a sound and well-flavored winter apple that has ripened in the sunshine.

Several years ago, when she had made one of her very rare excursions to the city, she had met Dr. Black, and he had expressed surprise at seeing her look so fresh and happy.

"It is Reuel, the boy, you know. He'd keep one's heart alive anywhere."

Dr. Black recollected he had once been known as the one the child when it had been ill, that he had been smuggled into the house and taken to the housekeeper's cozy room, which was like an oasis in a desert.

"You remember Lucy, Dr. Black, that she went away with a northern family? Well, she is dead and she gave me the boy," Mrs. Hodges had said.

And the boy had kept her heart green so that now, though no longer young, she was strong and useful. Her manner was a little timid as she approached Mr. Randolph, the letter in her hand.

"It is see Reuel or else that you have come?" Mr. Randolph repeated.

"It is a letter that I have brought for you, sir, as I have seen Reuel."

"You have? Then with all his learning he has not forgotten his old trade."

"Indeed, sir, it would be the learning of wrong things that would bring the lad to the like of that," she said, glancing at the young man.

"Come and read the letter, Reuel. Not many come this way." Mr. Randolph said.

Mrs. Hodges left the room, and Reuel took the letter from the table. "It is from New Orleans," he said.

"What is it?"

Reuel read:

"My Kinsman,—You will doubtless be surprised at hearing from us, and quite astonished when you know that we are asking permission to visit you. We are sorry not to know more of you, but papa's roving habits must excuse us. He is at present with a yachting party—in what waters we have not the faintest idea. At any rate he is, as usual, lost to us.

"Our being in the south came about in this wise. One of mamma's nephews asked us to be present at his marriage to a southern girl, and we attended. Mrs. Watling, our chaperone, to bring us. Then, being so near, a visit to you suggested itself.

"Knowing that you are aged and perhaps infirm, we do not expect a long letter, or even any at all. If we may not come, just now, let us know in a few words, and we shortly appear at River Crag, the length of our visit to be determined by you when we arrive. I am, with much respect, your kinswoman,

"SHIRLEY MACGREGGOR."

When he had finished, Reuel glanced at the old man. He had half risen from his chair, his side face was visible clutching at the shawls.

"Women—women coming here—daring to? I'd rather every snake from the Dismal Swamp would creep into the house and coil themselves about me. Women, young women, flirting, giggling, chattering fools!"

He fell back into the chair and Reuel put the wine glass to his lips.

"Young women! Have you ever known one, Reuel?"

"Not well, scarcely at all."

"Keep away from them, shun them as you would the plague. To come here, unasked, uninvited!"

"Perhaps when they know that you are ill—"

"Know that I am ill! To return and say that the old man is about to die!"

Again the line of white gathered on the blue lips.

"You excite yourself without cause, sir. They do not know of this money—"

"Nor shall they. Neither are they to know of my illness. There is nothing like the safe side. Invite them if there is yet time; run the risk of meeting them, of doing the things which they will expect of you. As for me—say I am a recluse, a devotee, a maniac, anything, but don't let them know that my heart beats feebly, that my blood finds its sluggish way slowly along its withered veins."

"Then, sir, they are to be entertained?"

"Like honored guests. What alternative is left? If we escape Scylla on the one side there is Charybdis on the other. They are to come and go away to report me well, hale and hearty still. Well, and not rich. Women here! Go, now, I can endure no more. I will see you in the morning. Remember, I am well—well and almost strong. Stay, I shall see them here when they come. Think of it! I shall dare to have them here. One must risk something, and make a bold move when there is great stress. Go, now. Leave the window open."

Reuel went down to the room that had been fitted up for some music lover, long ago. It had always been a joy to him, this quaint and beautiful room with its oddly-shaped, pearl-keyed pianos, its tall, fluted organ, standing like a sentinel between the lilies and the pictures of musicians looking down from the paneled walls.

He sat down now and ran his fingers over the keys as if they had yielded the only his desolate childhood ever knew. It was here that he had wept for the little mother who had died in a strange land, and for the father who had died before he was born.

Tonight the old man upstairs sat listening, his face softened, his hands folded quietly until the music ceased. Then he fastened his door and crept toward the window.

In her cosy sitting room, the only homelike place about that great, gloomy house, sat the housekeeper with her accounts and papers scattered on the table in front of the small, crackling fire. She swept the papers together and closed and locked the desk as Reuel entered. Reuel Dunbar had come in.

"I thought I'd better come and tell you, Aunt Martha, that we are to have company in a day or two," he said stooping to pull the ears of the dignified gray cat.

"Company, Reuel—company here? Have you invited the friend you spoke of? Have you dared to?"

"No, the guests are Mr. Randolph's own. They are two young ladies."

"Young ladies! What do you mean? You have been asleep and are dreaming."

"Even that would not alter the facts. They are coming, and I have pleaded in her dismay.

The old lady sat staring helplessly at him.

"Who are they?" she asked.

"Daughters of Duncan MacGreggor. Mr. Randolph's heir." The letter you carried up brought the news."

"Duncan MacGreggor!"

"You know him?"

"No. I saw him when he was here for a day in Boston, a few years before the war years ago. I did not know that there were daughters. How many are coming?"

"I do not know. Only two ones," and a lady, Mrs. Watling."

After the first surprise, Mrs. Hodges was her quiet self again.

"Reuel, it is good to have you back. These have been lonely years for me. But I'm going to send you away at once—only for a little while, though. Come, my Puritan mouth for me. Peter is too old, and if company is going to come I must prepare for them. You won't mind, will you? They haven't spoiled you, have they, my boy? What has changed you since I saw you tonight? You are different; what is it?"

"I am thinking that he is what you mean? And, as for spoiling, you were careful not to have me spoiled by one, dear, you remember?"

The old woman's eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, what a poor life you have had, dear boy. But I have done my best by you, and you do know it. You have never been afraid or ashamed."

"I am afraid now, since you think of me as so poor a thing. What have you done? Everything."

"You have been with him tonight, Reuel?"

"Yes, for some time."

"He is older and frailer, much frailer. The end is near, don't you see it?"

"He is old, and his hands, his eyes—they are full of fire."

"Aye, and a baleful fire, Reuel. A spark from that lake that burns below!"

"We must not forget that we are indebted to him."

"Indebted to him? When I have toiled for him year after year, giving up all that women hold dear, and living the life of those who make this unhallowed place their home!"

"But why have you done this? There were other places where you could remained here?"

He leaned over and looked straight into her eyes.

"It was the best place for you," she said.

There were many questions that he wanted to ask her tonight, but the old house-keeper glanced at the tall, slowly-ticking clock.

"It is late, and I shall have to be up betimes in the morning. Go to bed, Reuel, and think as little about the queer old man up yonder as you can. I don't like your hearing his wild, cynical talk. It is wicked, half crazy with his own horrible misdeeds. You are not too dignified to kiss me good-night, are you? There, that's a good boy. Visitors here! I can't get the bottom into my head."

CHAPTER IV.

TAKING JOCKO'S PLACE.

A heavy rain was falling steadily down. Dell stood with her pretty pug nose pressed disconsolately against the window pane, for Dell's content was a sun-loving flower and folded its bright petals and tucked them securely away when it rained.

"If it only would rain," she said aloud, in a sorrowful, hopeless sort of way.

From down the curious stairway a loud whistle sounded, and immediately a dripping and battered hat appeared sticking up from the floor, to be followed instantly by a round, laughing, full moon sort of face.

"If the rain should go away
Whichever children play at it,
We'd never gather beans enough
To fill a little basket."

"It's you, Davy! Then the rain needn't bother to go, and the beans may flourish all over. There, I've beat you. My rhyme is all my own. But do they grow so late as this?"

"Rhymes, or beans?"

"Beans, of course."

"It is getting late, isn't it? I tell you, Kitsey, your coat felt good when it blew up in rain."

"Did it do that? Did the coat blow up to rain, and is it good when it does so?"

Her eyes danced merrily now, for Davy was as good as the sunshine, any cloudy day.

"It can feel about like a girl does," he said, trying to hold and making a dismal failure. "The boys guyed a good deal," he added, when they had laughed merrily for awhile.

"But you were above caring," Dell said, with an indignant toss of her blue eyes, meant for the degenerate boys.

"Not quite," Davy answered. "Not till now; you see, Kitsey, my luck's down. That takes the heart out of a fellow."

"Yes. Papers didn't sell?"

"Not worth a cent. No news, nothing going on—"

"But what?"

"Nothing much. Let's eat a snack. Come, fix it up."

Dell went little housewife she was, Dell went to work to set the tea table, and that meant spreading out a few cold scraps upon the top of the stove and covering it carefully on a cotton bale. Meanwhile she watched Davy without seeming to, now and then making some remark that she thought would interest him.

Presently she leaned forward, her face very grave.

"You made me forget to tell you, Davy. A really awful thing has happened."

"What is it? Have you been here?"

That was the one thorn among their rose bush, that Davy called Dell names. "She's coming man"—the man who owned the cotton and might some day want to sell it.

"Has anybody been here?"

"Anybody? Of course he was somebody, poor little Jocko is dead!" and the two big tears rolled down Dell's dimpled cheeks.

"Who is dead, Kitsey?"

"Jocko."

"The Bobbs monkey? Why, Dell!"

"It so. He's as dead as he can be, and to think he'll never dance or pull my hair any more," and Dell sorrowfully began to cry stormily.

Davy's sympathy was very genuine, and therefore very sweet to her. He leaned over and patted her head very much as he would have done had the stale, dry bread choked her.

"Why, the poor old fellow! When did it happen?" brushing his sleeve across his eyes.

"Only last night, and we buried him today under the snowball bush. Mrs. Bobbs is so broken-hearted."

"Why, I should think so; he was all they had."

"Yes, he made the living. Nobody could resist his appealing paw."

Davy laughed, and still his curved lashes were wet with tears for Jocko.

"Can't get another monkey?" he asked, quite grave again.

"Not such another to get. A sea captain who used to know Mr. Bobbs when he was in business, sent Jocko. A monkey is a poor dependence, Davy."

"I should think so; a boy is a bad enough one."

"I was a lot of comfort this morning, took Jocko's place and I could."

Again Davy laughed. It was never a difficult thing to do, and although he felt sorry for the bereft couple and for the loss of the irresistible Jocko on his own account, he could not help it.

"It's downright mean of you to laugh so me, Davy. I wouldn't squeak a bit if you took droll—"

"I'm too modest—I really believe you could have done both. What did you do?"

"You know I can sing."

"Yes," laughing still, "and you mimic dances."

"Well, I did both, and I was going again, only it rained. That's how my luck's a monkey is than a girl. Rain does matter."

Davy's face was a picture.

"You—you did that?" he gasped.

"I took Jocko's place. Didn't you hear it 'cross the fields? I sang and I danced and I liked to."

"You couldn't have, Dell, you couldn't have."

"I did, though, and I wished you were along with your guitar. It is fun. And then Mrs. Bobbs is quite old now, and that people are very respectful to him."

Davy's face began to clear. Surely enough, Mr. Bobbs was with her.

"How did you do it, Kitsey?"

"Play for me and I'll show you. Nobody will hear for the rain."

Davy took down the old guitar. It had been a good instrument once, and still bore marks of its former beauty. Through his poverty Davy had clung to the guitar and Dell to the little fiddle that had belonged to their mother.

There was something pitiful in the boy's round face when the first sound from the knotted strings came out in answer to his touch. He was a little fellow, barely fourteen and scarcely taller than Dell, who was only twelve in years, though old in many other things. His face lacked the prettiness of Dell's, but it was bright and good to see, and his eyes were steadfast and honest.

Somehow any expression of sorrow or sadness on a face that was made for laughing always touches the heart in a singular way. You were sorry for Dell when she cried, but tears were not out of place in her wide, solemn blue eyes. Davy! Little jolly Davy! How sore must be his mouth, sturdy heart when the tenderness shows in the twinkling eyes and fat face!

But the sound of the music he loved always brought the look.

Dell knew little of home or home life, but the instinct and the longing were there, just as they had been in the heart of the homeless man who wrote the sweetest song in our language. And it was this song that Dell sang now in her poor little voice up behind the cotton bales. Tears rolled slowly down Davy's brown cheeks, but Dell's eyes were bright and dry—she was lost in her song.

She had learned to sing as the birds do, and here and there she had picked up a song—a negro melody at a meeting, a hymn sung by some trained choir, for she had a way of slipping into first one and then another of the elegant church-gallery song caught when they went to some fine church and sitting behind the low windows of some happy home all full of comfort and motherliness.

Somehow she had gathered up many songs and she sang them with a grace and sweetness that made up for the false and wrong words.

The tinkling your heart, Davy. Play something bright. That was only a part," and then, springing up, and Dell began a merry waltz. Dell daintily lifted her short calico skirt and began to dance. Round and round the small space she went, with a tiny bit of thistle down, a butterfly in the sunshine.

All at once the music stopped. Davy had thrown his arm across a cotton bale and buried his face in the big blue sleeves of his coat.

"Was—was I doing it so badly, Davy?"

"Too well, far too well," came sobbingly from the shelter of the sleeve, but Dell knew in amusement. Whatever could have weakened Davy love this?

"Davy, you are too big to cry. Say, is it Jocko? I'll be sorry to remind you. What was it when you came in. Tell me now."

She snuggled up on the bale beside him in her coaxing way.

"I'm not bothering all this about that! It's only that cotton is up and," with his face still hidden, "papers are down. A sort of sessaw, you see."

"And we are on the wrong end," she added.

"That's it."

"What is going to—"

Dell's pretty lips closed in a straight red line, and her eyes grew big and full as she meant a thing.

"Going to what?" he asked, meeting the eyes that had his new look in them.

"I'm going to—to take Jocko's place."

"Dell, you are crazy."

"I didn't think I was a monkey."

"You are crazy anyway to be so queer things."

"Girls are things that eat—they get tired of—of rivers and long lonesome days and—"

"Dear, dear little Kitsey," he interrupted, catching her hand and kissing it.

"Davy, are you going to die?"

"No, but you are so pretty, Kitsey—"

"Why, are you not glad of that?"

"I can't keep you hidden any longer!" he said, in a queer, husky way, as if he dry sob. "I shouldn't think you'd want to. Have your feet got out that I've got to look at? Did you think anything was the matter with your feet?"

"No, I always knew how pretty you are."

"Well, just go on."

"I can't, I can feel it, but I don't know the words. It isn't taking care of you to stop. Davy, you are crazy. You're a promised mother."

"Will you take care of me? Think of the long, shady country roads, and of the nice things the people will give us to eat when we go from door to door. I can say that when he was grieving about Jocko. And if something isn't done he'll not get a penny. No child, you can't do that. Now why, can't you put it all together? We have to leave you, you see, for Bobbs?"

"We, is it to be we?"

"You didn't think I'd leave you?"

"I—"

She leaned forward and smiled into his eyes.

"Davy, let's go."

There was such pleading in her face and voice that he felt almost as if the wish had all the time been with him. Davy was only a boy, in the country with Dell in it, the fresh air and free life with no papers to sell, no dreary rooms to contend with—this would indeed mean happiness. And she did not want to go alone. This was enough.

"Maybe he'd rather have real monkeys," he suggested, weakly.

"But he wanted them, and here is a girl who can sing and a boy who can play all ready to his hand. He don't owe me."

Davy saw, and the last shred of his opposition gave way. As they evening advanced and the rain fell faster the children sat huddled together in the old bale talking and planning for the time that was to be so bright. Dell had promised to manage Mr. Bobbs, and the thing seemed already a reality.

CHAPTER V.

A BIT OF THE AUTUMN.

Reuel had made a hurried trip to the city and was returning, he hoped, in time to welcome Mr. Randolph's visitors. Somehow he had thought a great deal about these visitors. It was such an unfreamed of thing to have anyone at River Crag. And these young girls were likely to be disappointed.

Reuel had walked over from the town,

and as he crossed the rustic, vine-covered bridge a fine view of the old place lay before him. All about were old, untrimmed trees, growing irregularly as they do in forests. From the river, forming a loop and joining the river again, was a sort of moat, shutting in the more private grounds, and this was crossed at intervals, wherever a walk or driveway came down to the narrow stream, by curious bridges of rock work that was so old now as to suggest Nature's own handiwork.

Tall, thick and great cedars, and wide-spreading oaks, lapped their limbs in and out, and vines crept and twisted among them.

Here and there, where the shade was less dense, flowers that had endured decades of neglect bloomed brightly, and farther on rose the old stone house, tall and grim and castle-like, with wide, irregular wings stretching out in defiance of all architectural rules, as if the outward appearance of things had never been considered by those who had created the place.

And yet it was a goodly heritage. Nature had taken hold of the clumsy pile and was doing her best work undisturbed. Ferns, lichens and mosses, heavy ivys and graceful creepers, in many places softened the harsh outlines.

And here and there were glimpses of the broad fields across the river.

Reuel stood looking at it all, and for the first time he felt what it would be to go away and think of this as a stranger's home. He had no share in it, no claim. When the feeble old life that controlled it all now should go out, he could not come back.

"It is most unhomelike, and yet it has been my home," he said, hardly knowing that he had given sound to his thought.

"Strangers under the old roof—what will it be like then?"

And then he saw, standing in the grass-grown road before him, a girl with a wonderflower-like face and dark-gray, black-lashed eyes and soft, dull-brown, wind-

"I must taken you for a bit of the autumn," he answered.

blown hair. She wore a gown of dark red that fitted close and fell in straight lines to the grass at her feet, and she looked to Reuel like some fair wood nymph, an embodied spirit of the autumn.

"I could not help hearing. I was sitting there, and, though I stood up at once, you had not see me," she said.

"I must have taken you for a bit of the autumn," he answered, never knowing that he had made a pretty or gallant speech to her. Somehow she fitted into the place so well, and her little red frock suited her and her surroundings so perfectly.

She smiled brightly.

"After all, Mr. Randolph was mistaken. He told us that you were not used to entertaining ladies."

"I'm afraid that you must go back to your belief in what he said. You are Miss MacGreggor?"

"I am Dorothy, Miss MacGreggor's sister. We have seen Mr. Randolph. You are Reuel. I don't think he said what else."

She looked a little puzzled and almost shy as she waited. She was so tall and so unlike the men she knew.

"I am Reuel Dunbar," he said, simply.

"And you live here? He told us that. You are his adopted son or—"

"I am the housekeeper's nephew, and Mr. Randolph has been kind to me," he said, looking down into her eyes and seeing there something she could not hide.

"Kind to you? Can he really be kind? I wonder why he was good to you. It seems to me that every particle of human feeling must be burned out of his heart long ago. I came out here to forget about him. How have you endured it so long?"

She shuddered, and he saw that she was not thinking now of the thing that had surprised her.

"In the first place there was no choice. This was my aunt's home, and through her became mine. Afterward I was used to it, and then I have been away."

"He told us. Indeed, he promised us a treat, but we thought—"

She stopped, and he saw the shocked look again.

"You thought—" he waited, smiling.

"I thought," she said, looking up, frankly, "that you were someone else and not a—a relative of the housekeeper."

"Yes. Of course Mr. Randolph knew that it made no difference about me, else he would have told you. If I can do anything to make your stay pleasanter, to amuse or entertain you, I shall be glad. Mr. Randolph knew that, and therefore promised you the music."

He spoke very quietly, but his manner had changed, and she noticed it. There was a difference between herself and such as she, and until now he had not thought of it.

For a little while she stood looking down at the toe of her shoe as it moved slowly back and forth on a tuft of moss, then she looked straight up into his face.

"I thought I was above that. Won't you forgive me? I had meant to like you so much, and when you told me that I was sorry, sorry that you were not someone else. I mean—I am ashamed, and very disappointed in myself," she said.

"That you are still sorry?" a slow, quizzical smile brightened his face.

"Yes," she said, smiling also, "I am still sorry. I really don't think I shall ever get away from my faults. I've often been reproved for my sternness, and do believe in the doctrine of total depravity as set forth in my own nature. I'm going to conquer this new fault. Won't you help me?"

"Why should I be in it at all? What difference can it make to you, or to me? We are strangers together for a little while as are strangers together in one house. Our duty to each other is only a reflection of our mutual obligation to our host, that is all."

He smiled and she flushed and lowered her eyes. While he looked at her he knew that for himself he had not spoken truly, though he had meant to do so. His face paled, and he was glad that the shadows were deeper now, so that she might not see it.

"Of course you are disgusted," she said, raising her head, but looking off toward the house. "You are very far above petty class distinctions and all that. I can only repeat that I am ashamed of myself. I am very rude and wanting in——"

"Nothing, I should say. It is growing later, and the shadows make the place dark and lonely. May I take you back?"

He seemed to have forgotten anything that had gone before, and together they walked toward the house.

"It's a gloomy old place," he said, when they were past the trees. "I can fancy how it will brighten and take on new life when you are here. There has never been a family in the old house."

"You were thinking about that when I first saw you. Your coming will be like taking your home from you."

"Not at all," he said, pleasantly. "In any case, I should be going soon.—Mr. Randolph needs me for a little time yet, but I shall go away. I have planned to spend several years in Europe."

Tears of vexation sprang to her eyes. She felt small and mean. He cared so little for what she might think of him. It was impossible for her to affect him in any way.

Tall and straight she walked on beside her, and she felt left out and set aside. But why should she mind it? Why was she not indifferent also?

He began to tell her about the places where the prettiest nooks were, and how long the bridges had been built, and why the moat had been dug, but it seemed to her that he said it all as in duty bound, especially rather than to some other visitor. And somehow she resented it.

"Is your party a large one?" he asked, as they reached the stone steps. "Your sister's letter, I think, did not say."

"That is like Shirly, to forget what is most important. No, there are the two of us and Mrs. Walling. You will be pleased with Shirly. She is very companionable."

She knew after they were spoken that the words sounded like an apology for Shirly's absence, and she bit her lip, but he answered, coolly:

"I know so little of women, young women, and what a man is expected to do or say, but that I have never needed that sort of knowledge."

"You do not care for society?" she ventured.

"I do not know it. People have never come here. I have only known men at college and later those who were brought about me by the work I am undertaking. The lines are drawn very closely here in the south. I don't know what society would be to me now, if I had offered myself."

They were in the great porch now, and before them stood the wide, wide hall. At the end of this the parlor doors stood wide open and the place was filled with light. Reuel had never seen it so before, and they stopped a moment to look at the beautiful picture.

He felt a soft touch on his arm, and looked down into the girl's pretty, sorrowful face turned up to him.

"Are you ready to forgive me? I am very sorry and ashamed," she whispered.

The man's head bent hard and fast, but he must not forget the lesson she had given him, though he might forgive the unintentional slight.

"The gloom of the place is depressing. You felt it, of all. Why should you not think of so small a thing, or imagine that you have done wrong?"

"Why, indeed?" she repeated. "Ah, I see Shirly has come down. She is fond of dancing."

And in the doorway, with all the light behind her, stood a woman such as Reuel had seen only in dreams and in pictures. A woman like a living flower, a creature made of graceful lines and entrancing curves, with a face like a sweet white rose, and laughing lips which half parted, and hair that was brown and red and golden—hair that waved and shone and preserved about the fair face like a twist of gold about a rare cameo.

"Shirly, I have found Mr. Randolph's 'Reuel.' He is Mr. Dunbar."

Shirly MacGregor smiled at him and held out her hand. Dorothy put back her dark hair with a little childish gesture, her eyes on her sister's face.

"I am glad that you have returned, Mr. Dunbar." Shirly said, and her low voice was sweet and full of music, "and had been to be uneasy about Dorothy; it is also so early here."

"Yes; I'm afraid you will find River Crag dull," he said, and she looked straight into his eyes with her bright smile and answered in her low, distinct voice.

"So was I—until now."

(To be continued next week.)

Suspended Hostilities.

"I hear you had a terrible row with her, Stupley?"

"Awful! But I guess it came out all right."

"Good! How did you manage?"

"Well, you know that her hobby is war. She thinks war, dreams of war, and dreams war. She'd go to war if she could. When there is a crisis imminent she has a big hat that has been fought she sits out on the veranda with a pint of peanuts and buys extras as fast as they come out. She studies military tactics as though the fate of the army depended upon it. And the little German band plays martial airs she goes inside to grill. She gives herself the command, too, and you can hear for a block when she warns to be 'work.'

"What has all this to do with your reconciliation?"

"Everything. She approves of the army code of ethics just as she does of the catechism and the Constitution of the United States. She told me never to call at her house again, and that evening I went up there with a flag of truce three feet square. She met me at the door. I requested a parley and she replied in favor. After negotiations covering two hours she modified her demands somewhat, and the basis on which we struck was as to whether our former amicable relations should be established. We compromised on an armistice, during which terms will be further considered."

A Wonderful Cat.

In San Francisco there is a cat that washes windows. It belongs to one of the best-known families of that city. It is a cat of a Chinese breed, and those who own it declare that it belongs to the same family as the cats in the temple of the emperor of China. The cat is black as midnight, large and tortoise-shell, and is said to be very beautiful. It has a Chinese name which, when translated, means "Lucky Star" (spoken in English; so its friends who talk English have to call it Tom for short. Tom's Chinese friends declare he is so clean that he does not lie down until he has washed the place where he is to lie. It is claimed that he will take a rag and dip it in a pan of water and wash the glass in the window in front of where he is going to lie down, and then proceed to lie down. He has never been known to lie down in front of the glass without first washing it. Naturalists say that cats are the cleanest animals in the world, that they abhor dirt.—Outlook.

The Training of Athletes.

Sandow says the method of training adopted by athletes is all wrong. The usual course pursued is to place the subject upon a special diet, and under the most rigid regime. His idea is to let the athlete eat his usual food and not deprive him altogether of his usual fluids, providing he indulges moderately, and to exercise his whole body systematically and gradually proceeding to the higher muscular requirements.

A SONG OF THE CAMPS.

By Bayard Taylor.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A gunner said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew bolder
Something upon the singer's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening camps they turned
The cannon's bronze embers,
While Irish memories fondly learned
Low English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a silent lover lying;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang that song of sighing.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

Defeated.

To his right, to his left, stretched the serried ranks of the Spaniards; his eye could not penetrate their formation so thick they stood; the odds were innumerable.

But surrender? Never!

They have found a foeman worthy of their steel!" the hero muttered grimly. With a ringing shout he raised his sword and sprang upon them.

Crash! Crash! Crash! At each blow a Spaniard went to the earth, the most of them no more. A few struggled to clutch at his heels and trip him. But steadily, tirelessly, ruthlessly he fought his way through, until, with a superhuman effort, he plunged through the rear rank. His path was plainly marked by the fallen.

But it was not enough to have cut his way through. The lust for blood rioted in him, the love of killing for the sake of killing possessed him; he was mad with the thirst for slaughter. Turning, he rushed once more into their ranks. Again did his good sword spread havoc among the false Spaniards. Flushed, breathless, triumphant, incredible as it seems, he hewed again his way clear through them, leaving a thick trail of dead and wounded behind him.

But in that moment of triumph the here was basely assailed from the rear. A sounding blow fell suddenly upon his ear, while a shrill voice shrieked: "Drat you, Tommy! What do you mean by trampling down the corn like this?"

When the Worm Turns.

Sea Captain—Do you mean to say that you take gas right out of the ground and light your houses with it?

Indian Maiden—Surely. We cook our food, heat our houses, and run furnaces with it.

"And you see that done yourself?"

"Of course."

"Partly drunk at the time, weren't you?"

"I never drink. Thousands see it done every day."

"Pretty hard drinkers, weren't they?"

"No, indeed. Why, my own wife gets the meals with it and runs the stove."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Of course."

"Never knew her to take opium or anything like that, did you?"

"Of course not. Natural gas is nothing remarkable. Why, in the world are you so suspicious, and why should you tell me I tell you about it?"

"I was just acting the way you landsmen do when we tell you of the sea serpents and other queer things we see on the ocean, that's all."—New York Weekly.

Printers' Ink.

There are 22,000 publications in North America which print advertisements.

The aggregate annual circulation of the world's publications is 20,000,000,000, consumes 260,000 tons of paper.

The grand total of these is $15,000,000 spent annually in North America for newspaper and magazine advertisements.

The greatest circulated paper in the United States is the Philadelphia Ledger, 700,000.

The first English newspaper was The Weekly Mercury, which was shaped, issued in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The Gazette of Venice was the original model of the modern newspaper. The Acta Diurna (Day's Doings), published in the latter days of the Roman empire, was the first newspaper the world ever had.

A Mother's Devotion.

"In the summer-my wife won't let me get little Jim up early because it's the poor little chap's vacation."

"Yes?"

"And in the winter she won't let me get him up early because the poor little chap goes to school."

Acts Blind.

Justice certainly acts blind enough when it comes to shooting a mad dog.

BUCHANNAN DIAMONDS.

An Extraordinary Theft -- Innocence Involved With Guilt--The Unraveling of a Mystery By a Daring Detective.

By M. J. ROY.

SYNOPSIS.

[Fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds are stolen from the residence of General Buchannan, and Claude Winters, the lover of Cora Buchannan, is suspected and arrested. The case seems strong against the young man, who is poor, but Cora employs Mark Ellis, the famous detective, to look out for his interests. In his first work on the case Mark rescues a beautiful unknown from the slums, and a mysterious man tries to murder him. Mark is rescued by the police and leads a raid on a house known as Happy Ann's, where the famous Tenderloin gang made its headquarters. Looking through the window, he sees the diamonds in the hands of one of the robbers, and dashes into the room. Mark Ellis is wounded and the Buchannan diamonds are recovered. Mark is nursed back to life by Mabel, and they are married. The police raid the new quarters of the gang. The thieves escape by means of a secret tunnel. Sir Arthur Vanhorn visits Cora and assures her of her lover's innocence. Mysterious efforts are made to secure bail for Claude, and Mark is puzzled. Besides being arrested as not being taken to the full confidence of the prisoner, he is unhappy because of the mystery surrounding his wife. He is decoyed to a house at night and seized by several men who declare their intention of "putting him out of the way."]

CHAPTER XII.

A CAUSE FOR SUSPICION.

Mark Ellis owed his success to his great presence of mind under all circumstances. Though he was stunned by the lamp falling on his head, and attacked in the dark and from the rear by he knew not how many men, he never became so thoroughly confused that he could not reason how and where to strike.

He threw he had not even time to draw a pistol, so he struck out from the shoulder, and his fist caught someone on the jaw and sent him headlong to the floor.

Again he struck and another went down.

"Kick, cuss him!" roared a voice.

"Beef him, lads, beef him!"

The detective, having disengaged his right hand seized his revolver.

But at the same moment someone grasped his wrist.

"Let go o' this barker, or I'll drive a knife clean through ye and clinch it on t'other side," hissed a voice in his ear.

But Mark was not to be intimidated.

His revolver was a self-cocking instrument and he began pulling the trigger.

Three shots, quick and strong went in the hall, stunning and deafening all who heard them.

The bullets shattered the rail of the stairway and sent the splinters flying in the faces of the detective's assailants.

He knew his shots would strike none of them to be fired, but he hoped the reports would be heard without and bring the police to the aid.

"Shoot him, or he'll rub us all out," cried one.

"He'll bring the cussed cops on us," interposed another.

"Shoot him, d--n him!"

"Hold, you'll hit one of us."

"Then over with him."

One of the rascals had what was better than either knife or pistol. It was a sling shot, and he struck the detective a blow which felled him senseless.

When he came to himself he was bound hand and foot in a dark, cramped apartment, and at least a half dozen of voices outside.

"Let's put him out o' the way at once," said one of the men outside.

"There's no need o' bein' in a hurry about it," dissented another. "Besides, boys, I want t' tell ye somethin' maybe ye hain't thought about."

"What is it, Sandy?"

"Dick, he'd agree with me I know."

"Course I will—I allers do."

"It's this, if we put him out o' the way an' it ever be traced t' us we all know we'd swing for it if they ever got their claws on us."

"Humph! they can't do that."

"They might, now let's wait until we are sure we hain't been shadowed here by anyone."

"I've got a better way," said Dick.

"What is it?"

"Tie him up, gag him, then set the house on fire an' go."

That plan struck them as it was, met with favor.

No doubt it would have been adopted but for the fear entertained by some that it would be discovered and the fire extinguished before the victim had suffocated.

There were a few who entertained something like humane notions and were opposed to taking life unless it was absolutely necessary.

Though Mark Ellis had proved to be their most dangerous enemy, they were opposed to having his blood on their skirts.

"Would you let him go?" asked Dick.

"Not now."

"At all?"

"Mavbe."

"Well, I swear by the nass he shan't go. If you're all too cowardly to put him out o' the way, I ain't, an' I'm a-goin' to do it."

"No you won't, Dick."

"Skinny Rohan, ter not the one t' tell me what I'm goin' or not goin' to do," declared the angry scoundrel.

"Come, now, no quarrelin', we'll report it to Capen Hawk."

"Wait till we see him, and see what he wants t' do with this feller."

There was some serious objection to delay, but the chief was very strict with his men.

Woe unto those who disobeyed. He always found some means of disposing of them.

The detective lay in his cramped position suffering the most excruciating pain, listening to the cold-blooded details of his proposed murder.

His thoughts went back to the wife, whom he had left at home.

Death with all its terrors had little place in his thoughts compared with the wife, left alone and unprotected.

He heard the Tenderloin gang leave the part of the house nearest him, though it was evident they had only gone into another apartment to hold a consultation.

He strove with might and main to break the bonds which bound him, but it was useless.

He was tied so tightly that the cords seemed to cut into his flesh.

"God help me!" he groaned, as he struggled in the bonds.

Dick Kearns, dissatisfied with the slow method which his companions used in disposing of the detective, resolved on pursuing a plan of his own. He took a keg of powder and placed it in an apartment under the detective and then went to another apartment, where he poured some kerosene on the floor, and, striking a match, applied it to the oil.

He stood watching the blaze as it ran along the floor, crackling and burning for some seconds, with his hands in his pockets.

Then, finding that the fire was sure to destroy the house he left the apartment, the door after him.

"That will finish him!" he chuckled. "Curse 'em, they thought t' thwart me an' let him live. Now we'll see."

Not wishing it to be known by his companions that he had had any part in the incendiary work, he left the house, entering the alley and making a run across the street, just as the smoke in great clouds was bursting through the windows.

Mark Ellis, tied and helpless, was still thinking of the young wife at home, when he heard a hissing and roaring sound below. A moment later the odor of burning wood reached his nostrils and he fully realized what his fate would be.

"The house is on fire—I am tied and helpless—my God!" he groaned.

Immediately all was uproar and confusion.

There were loud and angry voices, cursing, and the moving of heavy furniture.

Then came the clang of fire bells, the thunder of wheels and clatter of horses' hoofs.

All the while the roaring flames came nearer and nearer.

Had he known that a keg of gunpowder was in the apartment below him, he might have felt more uneasiness than he did, though the thought of being blown up was much more pleasant than being roasted.

There was a crashing of windows, the streaming of water, curses, groans, and shrieking women.

Police hastened to the scene, and more fire companies came with engines, and hook and ladder companies.

He began to entertain a hope of being rescued.

Raising his voice he shouted:

"Help! help! help!"

But strong as his voice was, he could not make it heard above the noise and clatter without.

"Here is a door, break it in!" shouted a voice.

Again he shouted.

"Help! help!"

"Someone is in there, Jack."

"I heard a voice."

"Have you an ax?"

"Here is one."

"Down with the door!"

Crash!

The thundering blow made the old house tremble to its center.

Another crash and the door fell in upon him.

Two men ran in.

"Here, here I am!" cried the detective under the door.

"Why in the devil don't you get out?" asked one of the firemen, groping around in the darkness and smoke for him.

"I can't. I am tied."

"Hello, that's just what's the matter. Here, flash a lantern."

Next moment a light was turned on him, and the fireman cried:

"By thunder, here he is tied hand and foot!"

"By thunder, here he is, tied hand and foot. Who did this?"

"Take me out! Take me out!" he cried. "I'll explain when safe."

They hurried out with the prisoner, cut his bonds and he leaped into a cab and was driven to the police station, where he told his story briefly.

Before he reached the police headquarters, however, there was a tremendous explosion, and the walls of the burning house tumbled down, endangering the lives of the firemen who were engaged in extinguishing the flames.

So that old trap was one of the nests of the Tenderloin gang," the chief of the secret service agency said. "Well, I am sorry it is gone, as I will only drive them to some other den, but we will hunt them out in the end, and clean up the entire gang."

The detective felt a little faint and went to an adjoining restaurant for a cup of coffee.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning.

There was but one other customer besides himself.

The man had heavy, shaggy eyebrows and whiskers.

His face was sullen and, taken altogether, he was as fierce looking an a Cossack.

The man kept eyeing him.

Though his face seemed familiar, yet the detective could not tell when or where he had seen him.

His face was partially averted and he did not have a good view of it.

After his cup of coffee, feeling stronger, he rose and went to where Squatty was still busy at his game of billiards.

He awoke that individual to present realities and told him the expedition was a failure, and that he could go home.

"So, the stuff is off" said the short detective.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm goin' soon as I finish this game."

Mark bade him good-morning and boarding a car, was whirled home.

Late as the hour was, he found the light still burning in the window.

The door was locked, but he had his night key and, opening it, entered and went to his apartment.

His wife was awake and anxious in regard to him.

"Why do you insist on sitting up for me, Mabel?" he asked.

"I cannot sleep when you are gone," she declared.

"That is nonsense. You must get over this nervousness, my dear, or it will break you down."

"Oh, Mark, I wish you were out of this awful business. There are so many dangers."

"My dear, as soon as I have found the Buchannan diamonds and received the reward I am going to take you and leave Chicago. In some little, quiet hamlet where we will be happy in our retirement and obscurity I will forget the days of danger."

As he painted the picture her face really seemed to take on a look of pleasure, and that hunted look faded away.

But the transition was only momentary, for the next instant she was the same mysterious being again.

Mabel was a puzzle to all who knew her, but more of a puzzle to her husband, the person from whom she should have kept secrets.

Three or four days later an incident occurred which was well calculated to arouse his darkest suspicions, because the thing that surrounded his wife.

On the following morning he found a letter brought by the postman.

It was anonymous and brief, yet contained enough to awaken his anxiety and mistrust.

Jealousy is an evil plant of quick or slow growth.

A lack of that imperfect trust between husband and wife is sure to bring misery.

The brief anonymous message was as follows:

"Mr. Mark Ellis:—Dear Sir; I do not wish you to do or say anything to cause you to unjustly suspect your wife, but if you could see the big, whiskered man with shaggy eyebrows who visits her in your absence, you might have just cause to be jealous. The light is in the window to not for you, but to tell him you are away."

He crushed this missive in his hand, tore it into fragments and threw it away while still in his rage.

Then he thought how foolish he had been.

A keen detective, one possessing the sagacity he claimed, would have kept the letter, found the writer and crammed the lie down his throat.

He knew it was a lie.

His very soul seemed to tell him it was all an evil, malicious lie, that his wife had been slandered, maligned, had been injured and mistreated, and he was so enraged that he in blind passion could not read the anonymous and cowardly scandal.

He strove hard to banish the subject from his mind, but was unable to do so.

However hard he might strive to down it, it would not down.

He found himself filled with trouble and for the next two or three days his brain seemed to have lost its cunning.

One night, arriving later than usual, he glanced at the window where he usually saw the light burning, and all was darkness.

"That is another evidence that the whole thing is a lie," he declared to himself.

He went to the great front door and inserted the key.

To his amazement the door was unlocked and swung open at his touch.

"This is remarkably strange," he said, as he entered the hall.

Scarce had he entered the hall before he heard the quick tread of feet, and a tall man with a heavy beard and shaggy eyebrows brushed past him and leaped out of the door.

It was not until he was out under the light of the street that he recognized him as the same dark-complexioned man he had met at the restaurant.

The detective paused and leaned against the door for support. He was completely dumbfounded.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DESERTED HUSBAND.

To say that Mark Ellis' suspicions aroused at last would be to only speak the truth.

He had never allowed himself to doubt his wife's constancy before. The mystery which had surrounded her, the letter which he had hoped to escape, the warning notes he had received, had hardly shaken his faith in her.

True, they had caused him great annoyance.

That even an enemy should dare to breathe such a foul slander was a source of great annoyance to him.

He loved her as he loved his own life, but that only drove the dagger deeper to his heart.

He clung to the door a moment in his despair, and tried to gather up his scattered senses, to form some plan of action.

The first impulse of an outraged husband was to rush after the stranger and slay him, but the stranger had disappeared before the suspicion in full dawned upon him.

The second was to rush to the apartment where the wife was and charge her with infidelity and leave her forever.

But he was not going to act on judgment immature.

He reflected that there was a great many flats in the building and because he met a stranger in the lower hall was no reason that he came from his own apartments.

"There were twenty other apartments in the same building and he might have come from any of them.

Surely it was folly to accuse his wife when there was only one chance in twenty that she might be guilty.

He would banish the subject from his mind and never allow himself to think of it again.

When he reached his apartments he was cool and imperturbed as if there had been nothing to disturb him.

His wife was still awake and called to him from her room.

Despite his recent resolution to believe her innocent until he had positive proof otherwise, he thought there was just the slightest guilty tremor in her voice.

He did not speak of the stranger; days passed and the detective was busily engaged in following up the threads of the case of the Buchannan diamonds, and tried to forget his own cares.

He had almost succeeded in banishing them from his mind when one day he found a handkerchief in the room.

It was a gentleman's of silk and had embroidered in one corner the letter "V."

This handkerchief did not belong to him, and he was quite certain his wife had never purchased it. He had never seen it before.

He carefully folded it and put it in his pocket when his wife did not see him.

The discovery was not calculated to relieve his disturbed thoughts.

But his other affairs were now claiming all his attention. Squatty came to him one morning and said:

"Mark, this Buchannan affair promises some very interesting developments."

"Have you learned anything new?" "Yes."

"What?"

"Why, wherever I go I find something about it. In all my work I find the lines of the diamond mystery crossing my course of work.

"I sincerely wish these lines would take some definite shape.

"Well, they may. But the further we go with them the deeper the mystery grows."

"What other mystery have you discovered."

"I can hardly say I have discovered anything," the detective said. "There is just cause for surmise and thought. The whole thing is growing infernally strange."

"I have found it perplexing."

"But every day develops some new cause of mystery."

"So I have found."

"Last week one of the rogues who died from injuries received at the fire, said in his confession that someone high up in Chicago society had done the deed."

"Yes, I have always held it was one of General Buchannan's guests."

"Well, this man said he was one of his guests."

"But I mean some of his aristocratic guests."

Squatty took a cigar from his case and, lighting it, puffed away coolly for a moment and then said:

"Well, now, Mark, I should not be surprised if you were not correct in some things. Later developments are changing the aspect of the Buchannan mystery."

"Do you think we can prove the innocence of young Winters?"

"Not yet. Though I am free to admit that the time may come when you will be enabled to prove him innocent, whereas it looked very dark for him a few weeks ago."

"I am of the opinion that every day his hopes grew brighter."

"Yes, but this getting aristocracy mixed up with the affair is perplexing."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"Don't know." Squatty returned. "If that fellow's confession was to be admitted it would convict Sir Arthur Vanhorn or Mr. Harrison as well as anyone."

"Which would be absurd."

"Yes, but there is a suggestion thrown out by one who was there that may after all be true."

"What is it?"

"One person who was there has made a suggestion that might have more reason in it than at first appeared."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Of Mr. George Nelson."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes. He is a friend of the accused, Claude Winters. He has advanced the theory that the theft was to accuse and ruin a successful rival."

"Did he mention Mikeljohn?"

"Not directly, but by inference. He had as well mentioned him, for I knew whom he meant."

"On the morning he engaged me he threw out something like the same hint, but I would not listen to him," declared Mark.

"Why?"

"Because it is absurd to charge Mr. Mikeljohn with such an offense, even to get rid of a rival."

Then Squatty puffed away for a moment at his cigar and asked:

"Do you know that anyone else has the same suspicion?"

"Yes."

"Yourself?"

"No."

"Who?"

"Someone who was there."

"Perhaps Claude Winters himself, though he denies it."

"Not Claude Winters, but a disinterested person, and one who was really in a position to know."

"I can't think who it could be."

"A no less personage than Sir Arthur himself."

"Impossible. You are mistaken."

"No, I am not."

"I can hardly believe it."

"No, I am not."

"I can hardly believe it."

"But he has let fall remarks time and again which cannot be mistaken."

"Have you heard him?"

"No, but Nat Ratline did, and he is the man who told me."

"Do you mean to tell me, Squatty, that Sir Arthur made a remark calculated to incriminate Mr. Mikeljohn of this affair?"

"I do."

"And his motive——"

"Was wholly to lay the blame on the shoulders of a successful rival, and get rid of him."

"I can hardly believe it."

"He doesn't come out and positively say that he is guilty, but he will keep insinuating that there is something in the manner of Mikeljohn which he does not understand. One thing in particular—he does not like to discuss the subject. Have you ever talked with him about it?"

"No."

"Try him next time you meet him. Now, you're good at cross-examination; clap the thumb screws on this man and see how he will take it."

"There would be no harm in doing so."

That afternoon as Mark was going down the street in a thoughtful mood he suddenly passed a tall, large man.

He did not particularly notice that he wore thick, bushy hair, heavy eyebrows and beard until he had passed him.

Then he suddenly turned about and gazed after him.

But there was a great rush on the street that day. Some business upheaval was threatening, and the throngs rushing here and there and crowding the streets in every direction.

The stranger was in an instant hidden from view.

Mark went to shadow him, but it was only a half-hearted chase and he lost him before he had gone the block.

"That man is remarkable," he declared, as he went slowly back to his office.

"I have seen him several times, I am quite confident. His manner is certainly very familiar and at the same time very mysterious."

He was detained later at the office than usual.

A mysterious letter was there awaiting him. It read:

"Mark Ellis:—You perhaps do not understand that you have come across a smouldering volcano which is likely to burst forth in all its fury on a short notice. Even now a storm is brewing over your head. You must give up this pursuit of the Tenderloin, assign the case of the Buchannan diamonds. The diamonds were not taken by the Tenderloin, nor any one of them. The man in prison is innocent. It was a high-toned gang, one up in Chicago society who took the diamonds. Now, I will give you warning that unless you drop the matter at once, I will trade on the sanctity of your home and make such a war on you personally that you will rue the day you ever took this case.

"TENDERLOIN."

He carefully folded this letter and laid it away.

How he wished he had preserved the other letters, for this seemed to have been written by the same hand, but in his moodiness he had destroyed them.

His first impulse was to tell his wife, but he changed his mind, not only to increase her anxiety, and she seemed to suffer enough.

The detective, however, resolved not to let up in his efforts to push the Buchannan case, and he redoubled his efforts with such a vindiance that he seemed liable to run his head into a trap.

One evening he went home a trifle earlier than usual, to find his wife gone.

The negress was out, but soon came in and could give no account of her mistress, only that she had gone. She said and threw herself on a sofa and took up an evening paper and began to read.

A moment later he glanced at the mantel and was astonished to see a envelope addressed to him. He opened it and read:

"Your wife has gone. Poor fool, she has eloped with another man. If you think she ever loved you, you are mistaken. She played the fool with you and has never left your forever. MABEL."

It was in Mabel's handwriting. He glanced at the negress and exclaimed, "Oh, my God! It is true—it is true! I am deserted!" fell senseless to the floor.

(To be continued next week.)

What He'd Do.

Wife—What would you do if you had no wife to look after your comforts? How do you know?

Husband—Do? Why, in that case I could afford to buy new clothes.

Avoid a too nourishing diet for a violent-tempered child.

About Catarrh

Why It Is Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

A Constitutional Disease Requires a Constitutional Remedy.

Catarrh is the result of a cold or succession of colds combined with impure blood. It is a dangerous ailment, as it is liable to affect the throat, stomach. It consists of inflammation of the mucous membrane in the nasal passages. There is a disagreeable discharge from the nose and pain in the head. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by purifying the blood, soothes and rebuilds the delicate tissues. Thousands of cures by this medicine after all so-called catarrh cures had failed, attest its wonderful power over this disease. If you have any symptoms of catarrh, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and you may confidently expect a permanent cure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

FRIENDS.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

You are my friend, for you have smiled with me,
My help and hope in fair and stormy weather.
I like you for the joys you've whiled with me,
I love you for the griefs we've wept together.

You've brought good cheer when earth was cold to me,
And made me feel your warm heart fondly beating.
Though all the world were deaf and dark to me,
And long the night and bleak the winds and fleeting.

I know full well that you would bark to me,
And set your paths with lamps of Love's glad lighting.
You are my friend, for you have smiled with me,
My help and hope in fair and stormy weather.
I like you for the joys you've whiled with me,
I love you for the griefs we've wept together.

THEY DIED GAME.

A Bicycle Adventure With Black Snakes.

BY RYE JOHNSON.

Esther Dugley lived in a bit of country where hills, as much all up-hill as down-ways, and the roads instead of running as usual, along the hills, wind around their sides in what are called "dug ways," that is in many places not wide enough for teams to pass one another in safety.

It is not a region where there is much comfort in riding a bicycle, for in all Connecticut county there is scarcely a mile of level road. Esther nevertheless got considerable enjoyment out of hers, though, as she said, it was principally walking up hill for the pleasure of coasting down, or coasting in winter.

During the two years she had owned her wheel she had many queer experiences, but by no most astonishing one of all am about to relate. It is a region where snakes of all sorts abound, from the deadly rattler to the harmless and beautiful little garter, and she was always encountering one kind or another of the latter, but she did not fear them, and thought it nothing to see a huge black fellow sunning himself on the side of a dug way, or to see a big black snake slide away at her approach.

On the day in question she started for the postoffice eight miles away. It was an unusually hot day and it seemed to her all snakedom was out enjoying the sunny side of stone rock, for she encountered them lying for them, however, she slipped so quickly by on her wheel that—

Presently she came to her favorite stretch of road—a dug way along the side of a ridge the ground level for some two or three rods, and as smooth and hard as pavement. Not a snake was in sight, and a living creature to be seen or heard as she wheeled lightly along in the road of delightful motion and the beautiful scene afforded by the elevation.

But some times she wheeled up and down the perfect road, then remembering her errand, resumed her course on the way. Now at the end of the level the road made an abrupt bend and then descended steeply to a valley through which it meandered ere climbing the opposite hill.

For the moment she had been conscious of a strange, stirless stillness that seemed almost oppressive, but being used to silence so unusual, and she strained her hearing to catch some sound other than an occasional bird note.

As she reached the turn she heard a faint rustling on the right and spite she shivered with a queer feeling of dread. As she turned the corner the rustling became mingled with the other sound, and she saw two huge blacksnakes in the road of a size to severely dread of her.

A feeling of disgust ran over her as she saw the black, writhing mass, the hideous heads upraised and striking viciously at each other, but she kept her wheel going already on the steep down grade when she discovered that the combatants, which she could pass them in safety by steering carefully and watching her every movement.

Now, all riders know how hard it is when on a wheel to pass an object on which the eyes are fixed, the almost impossibility to avoid a collision. It proved so in this case, for the moment she had reached the spot and ran full upon the horrible twisting mass, she did it, the girl never can tell, but the next thing she knew she was standing on a bank a dozen feet away, panting and breathless from fright and safety. The two snakes had twisted about the bicycle in their fierce combat, and were still fighting viciously.

There was nothing Esther could do but wait for peace to be declared by the combatants, and when she recovered from her fright, amuse herself by the strange scene. She soon gave that up, when she found that the pair of her pet wheel fully as often as she did the snakes, and contented herself in silently watching the fight.

For a whole hour they kept it up vigorously, all the time tangled about the bicycle which they tore and bent and broke down the hill in the meantime.

Then to Esther's joy, the monster came along and killed them both, neither attempting to escape, but biting savagely at each other to the last. The wheel was battered and twisted, a dozen spokes being pulled out of their sockets, but as great strength of the hideous, black reptiles.

Beauty After Fifty.

A bright woman, when applauded recently for her goodness, begged her friend to let the matter drop, says the Churchman. "For," she said, whimsically, "though I do try to do good from some really high motive, yet I have a reason for rather abhorring all applause. I am afraid it is love one." "What do you mean?" inquired her laughing friend. "I mean that I once heard, many years ago, that beauty after fifty depended not on features, but on character. Like all women, I desire to be beautiful, and as Providence had denied me the features necessary to secure the result in early life, I determined to make the attempt to be beautiful at fifty. I am eighty-five now," she concluded, mournfully, "and I must confess that I see no signs of this Indian summer loveliness, but I still try to be good."

These friends treated the matter as a jest, but there is really some solid truth in the saying that beauty in later life, in either man or woman, is dependent upon character far more than upon form or color. It is a common experience for a young woman to say: "How fine looking Mrs. ——— is. She must have been a beautiful girl." And to hear the reply: "No, she was not nearly as good looking in her youth as she is now. Her beauty has developed with her years." Many of the finest faces we see in old age is oftenest true of women of high character, nobility will be stamped upon the outward aspect. The carriage of the figure, the poise of the head, the expression of the face—these evangelist and catarrh specialist. It is a harmless, pleasant vegetable compound, inhaled by smoking in a pipe, which we furnish free for one week in most cases. If you wish the free package, write at once to Dr. Blosser & Son, Dept. A, Blosser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Woman's Aim.

A Louisville woman was asked so heartily in a theater that she went into convulsions. Recovering, she noticed that the leading lady didn't have her sunburst in a straight.—Denver Post.

"Yes," said the corn fed philosopher, "gets mad at a man if he be awkward in making love and gets mad at him if he makes love as if he had lots of experience," said Squatty Squatt.

In the anxiety to miss none of the great acts on the world's stage it should not be overlooked that Dr. Denver's success as a stone at a man and succeeded in knocking him off his pedestal.—Denver Post.

An Ohio man was struggling with a thief. He had a revolver in one hand and a knife and, striking at the thief with an ax, killed her brother. And yet we speak of the aim of the modern weapons.—Detroit Free Press.

Handsome Presents for Boys and Girls.

One possible chemical set, Crosbie's Ill., gives the choice of a bicycle, watch, camera, skates, magic lantern, musical instrument, music books, jewelry, gymnasium goods, etc., absolutely free, to any boy or girl who will sell 20 packages of Crown Ink Powder at 10 cents each. They do not ask you to pay in advance, but will trust you with the 18 packages, and will ship the premium you may select, along with complete premium list and instructions for selling the powder, immediately on receipt of the money. When the 18 packages of Crown Ink Powder makes fifty gallons of the finest ink in existence. They are easy to sell, as nearly every family in the country is using ink, and the schoolboy will gladly buy a package. When you have sold all of them, send the money and select your premium which will be sent the same day your letter is received. Many boys have been able to buy the own valuable and entertaining presents earned in just this way, and others can do the same. The Crosbie Co. is thoroughly reliable and do exactly as they say. Write them at once and in a few days you will be the possessor of a valuable premium easily obtained. Address Crosbie Chemical Co., Dept 55, Chicago.

Not To-Night.

An elocutionist, indeed, was she,
But when they asked her to recite
She made excuse in this polite
Way: "The wo✓ I shall not sing tonight."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Supplies From Home.

"Dear Julia," wrote the man in camp;
"Your photograph I'll prize
But send me some tobacco—please—
And something good to eat."

Free Whiskey.
Send O. Simmermeyer & Co., 316 Lake St., Chicago, 10 cents to pay express charges and they will send you two sample bottles free for you to test their Maryland XXX Rye.

She Turned the Other One.

He kissed the maiden on the cheek,
And she, without complaint,
At once proceeded to obey
The Biblical injunction.

Wine, beer and confections should never be given to a young child.

Do not brine a child under 2 years of age to the table.

GROUNDLESS APPREHENSION.

This is the man who hesitated about getting married—fearing the monotony of living with one person all his life.

In Paree.

Oh, they have a lot of troubles
In Paree;
The kettle always bubbles
In Paree;
And the man who cheered today
By tomorrow morning may
Have to hide himself away
In Paree.

They have never peace and quiet
In Paree;
It is always rush or riot,
In Paree.
And the fellow who can say
Where he's at from day to day,
You may wager doesn't stay
In Paree.

Submarine.

"I've found a beautiful coral cave," said the mermaid, enthusiastically. "We're going to move, and you must come and see us."

"Of course, I'll come and see you. But you know, dear, that coral caves aren't what they used to be. Everybody down here who amounts to anything has a Spanish ship to live in."

Not the Only Frog in the Pond.

Reuben Railfence—Wheat hangs around a dollar yet. Whoopee! It makes me feel like turnin' hand-springs like I usster.

Hiram Oatbin—But you didn't sow any wheat last fall.

Reuben Railfence—I know it, but neither did any of my neighbors.

What He Needed.

Chappy—I should nevah, nevah, nevah marry for money, donchernknow.

Rose—Well, I suppose some men do it because it is what they need most. (Sweetly) —What would you marry for, Mr. Chappy—brains?

A Dangerous Man.

Hogan—Ol'm goin' t' tek a thrip t' owld Ofreland nixt month.

Foyle—Ol'd laugh if the'd arrist yez for a dineymoiter. Phwat wud yez do thin?

Hogan—Truth, Ol'd give thim a good blowin' up.

Pride in the Kitchen.

A cook who had several receipts
For serving up poultry and meipts,
When asked to make pies,
Replied, with surprise:
"I was not employed to cook sweipts."

This Is Realy Terrible.

Rye—I noticed you sitting in a back tier last night at the play.

Alto—Yes; I'm studying to be a bacteriologist.

Wasn't in It.

Mamma—First you said you were in a fight, and now you say you weren't.

Willie—Dat's right; you see I wuz licked!

Relief at Last.

Collector—Look here, I'm getting sick of coming here every week for this bill.

Debtor—I'm very glad to hear it.

Thought It Appropriate.

Editor of Yellow Journal—This stuff you submit is of a trashy nature.

Impecunious Author (exultantly)—Ah! Then you find it available for publication!

Choice of Two Evils.

It's always very wrong to fight,
But none the less, my son,
Improve your muscles—don't relax
As if the strife were done.

It's always very wrong to fight,
But never close your ears
When Uncle Sam suggests that he
May need new volunteers.

It's always very wrong to fight;
The saying's old and terse,
But to make battle and get whipped—
That's infinitely worse.

Reluctant.

"There are some sincere doubts," said the oft-heard statesman, "about the desirability of expansion, and the mixed population that it gives rise to."

"Yes," replied the friend, who was cornered and had to listen. "There's Aguinaldo. I understand he's reluctant about taking in all these wild, blood-thirsty American Indians."

He Specified.

Mr. Darley—Mr. Cawker has taken to wearing silk.

Mrs. Darley—A man wearing silk? What nonsense!

Mr. Darley—It is a fact. He is wearing a silk hat!

Another Kind of Tea.

Biggerstaff—You ought to board at our house, Gildersleeve. The tea table is a daily feast of repartee.

Gildersleeve—Then it is a repartee table, isn't it?

She Has Changed.

Twynn—What pet name does your wife call you?

Triplett—She used to call me "Baby," but now she says "Say you!"

She Knew.

Mr. Skinflint (toward the last)—When I die I want my funeral to be as unostentatious as possible—no flowers, no orations, no music. Do you understand?

Executor—Yes, sir. But I'm afraid I can't keep your relatives from setting off a few fireworks, sir.

Appearances Deceitful.

"I struck a new one the other day," said the man who is about to move, "when I went to see a house of which a faithful Irishman was custodian. 'Too small, too small,' I said, as soon as I saw the place.

"'Go aisy, sor,' he replied, 'till I show yez t'rough. You'll foind the house much larger on the inside than it is on the outside, sor.'"

Discouraging.

Once I sent a letter to an editor's address:
"If you want some comic matter I can send
you more or less."
I was somewhat disappointed at the answer, I confess;
It was very terse and pointed: "You may
kindly send us less!"

A Compromise.

Horrible Example—My shoes need mending and I'm thirsty. If I buy the drinks I won't have enough to pay the shoemaker. What shall I do?

Ditto—Compromise.

Horrible Example—How?

Ditto—Buy a sherry cobbler.

Very High.

"You make fun of weather predictions, but they come from high authority," said Hojack.

"Do they?" replied Tomdik.

"They do. The observations are all taken at some distance from the earth's surface."

Learn to say "No" when a dealer offers you something just as good in place of Hood's Sarsaparilla. There can be no substitute for America's Greatest Medicine.
Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation, sick headache, biliousness and liver ills. Price 25 cents.

Dolce Far Niente.

"Did you ever see a genuine Indian idol?"

"Idle? I never saw one work!"

But Too True.

"Possession is nine points of the law."

"What's the tenth?"

"The lawyer's fee!"

Newly—Hully Gee, Chimmie, wouldn't it be great if we could stretch our stummicks like dat when we're gettin' our Thanksgivin' feed?

Courtroom.

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the agent, who was looking over the house.

"Yes," replied old man Kidder, "but I usually call it the courtroom—I've got seven daughters, you know."

Phrase.

They talk of "new women" in tones most severe,
The plan is discourteous and bold,
For statistics are clear. There is no cause to fear
That any will ever grow old.

Hard Enough.

Judge—Did you see the prisoner strike the plaintiff?

Witness—I did.

Judge—Hard?

Witness—Yes—for a hundred dollars.

Business.

"When talking weather always be sure of your man," said Crimsonhead. "What would be a lovely day to a man who sells umbrellas would not be so considered by a sandwich man."

Incomprehensible.

Dunling—I don't see how a coal dealer can make any money.

Tutling—Why not?

Dunling—Because he always gives his goods a weigh.

In the Choir.

Base—What kind of cough drops are those you are using?

Tenor—Tar lozenges for my voice.

Bass—Trying to get the pitch, are you?

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

More to the Point.

Jaggles—As I live, she gave us hash! Let us sing a song of praise!

Waggles! Nay! Let it be a medley!

A FOWL ATTACK.

Mrs. Newly—Now, you need not blame the turkey for your awkwardness, Mr. Roundstock told me, when I bought it, that it could n't be approached in quality and—

Mr. Newly (busily preparing for another encounter)—I believe you, my dear—the bird seems to resent my approaches even in death.

HER WONDERFUL EYES.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

There are dreams, there are gleams of the loveliest skies
In her wayward, her winsome, her wonderful eyes;
Gold moons o'er green meadows in splendor arise—
The dawn in a mystery melody dies,
And love, in rose-gardens, with songs and with sighs,
Is lost in the light of her wonderful eyes!

Beware, as they waver—beware, and be wise,
Lest you drown in the light of those wonderful eyes!
Prayers—fears, shall not save you! for, lost in their beams,
You shall drift with the dreams—you shall drift with the dreams!
You shall drift from the earth—from the stars
—From the skies,
Lost in the ligh. of her wonderful eyes!

GUINEVERE'S TRAMP.

He Found Her in Great Peril and in the End Was Himself Saved.

BY ABBY SWAIN MEGUIRE.

Guinevere Dalton was the prettiest girl in all Morgan and Hamilton's big store. So they put her in the glove department, near the main entrance, where her bright face was a pleasure to tired shoppers. All through the dragging heat of the summer,

He finished, and turned and looked at her.

her voice and manner were cheerful and uncomplaining, eager to please.

Of course when her vacation came in August everybody missed her. But few people ever know how close they came to missing her for the rest of their lives.

Guinevere spent her two weeks in a great farm house. One day she found, tied to the bank of the river, an old row boat that was seldom used.

"It's so broad and flat-bottomed, you couldn't upset it if you tried. It's surely safe," said the owner.

One evening Guinevere was rowing slowly along. She sat with her skirts drawn up, for the old boat always was wet and it grew leakier and leakier every day. This evening it let in so much water, that the girl grew uncomfortably damp, and decided to make for home.

She braced her feet against the cross-piece to swing the skiff round; and with the pressure the rotten boards gave way and the bottom caved out.

In an instant she was going down. She was not used to water in such large quantities. Of course she lost her head and also her hold on the only thing that could save her.

The girl struggled desperately. She sank, clutching at the water. But it gave no support. As she came up, fighting, all the thought of a whole lifetime was crowded into an instant. Again she went down in an agony of despair. But this time, as she rose, something caught her like a vice, pinning her arms to her sides, so that she could not fight.

The next thing she knew she was lying on the grass, breathing with some effort. A ragged, dusty tramp was bending over her.

Afterward Guinevere remembered that he had the most remarkable face for a tramp. It was clean, strong and intelligent.

But at the time the very joy of safety sent her off into a second faint. When she came to, she was in bed at the farm house. In the excitement the tramp had disappeared, no one knew how nor when.

From her finger a tiny gold love-knot ring was gone. Always loose, it had probably slipped off during the struggle in the river.

II.

In the fall, Morgan and Hamilton had a new advertising sensation. One of the big show windows was fitted up like an artist's studio. There a young Mr. Munroe manufactured landscapes, working with both hands, on different pictures, at the same time.

With every fifty-cent purchase, one check was given. And four checks entitled the shopper to a landscape.

"Take a seat, madam," Mr. Munroe would say. "Choose your subject—trees, rocks, mountains or trees. And I paint it while you wait."

The first evening the young man held the door open for Guinevere to go out.

She thanked him.

Next day he was passing her counter just in time to help her with a pile of toppling boxes. Of course she had to be pleasant. Besides he seemed so nice.

After that they walked to and from the store together. And, in time, he began to "drop in" on her at night in her home.

He told her all about himself; how his father had been well-to-do, and had failed through a dishonest partner; how he himself left the school he cared so much about to help the home folks. Then hard times came, and he was young and inexperienced, and could best be spared from his farm. So he found himself out of a job. That was three years ago. Since then he had tried everything. He could not get steady work; sometimes for months nothing at all. Just when he was most desperate his idea came.

He always had a knack for line and color. He began his artistic career very early in life by daubing with his mother's ink bowl and his father's shaving brush. The taste for daubing stayed with him in spite of his memories of the ink bowl.

When the 'lightning artist idea" came, he got a merchant to listen to it, and it had made a hit.

Already he had been in several cities, and after four weeks in this one, he was to never seen them. Though lowly in stature, keeping near the frozen ground as if loving it, they are bright and cheery, and speak nature's love as plainly as their big relatives of the south. Tenderly shaped and tucked in beneath downy snow to sleep through the huge white winter, they make haste to bloom in the spring without trying to grow tall, though some rise high enough to ripple and wave in the wind and display masses of color—yellow, purple and blue—so rich they look like beds of rainbows and are visible miles and miles away. Even in September the tundra glows in creamy golden sunshine, and the colors of the ripe foliage of the heart-worts, willows, and birch—red, purple, and yellow—in pure bright tones are enriched with those of berries which are scattered everywhere as if they had been showered down from the cloudy lake hail; their colors, with those of the leaves and grass, blending harmoniously with the neutral tints of the ground of lichens and mosses on which they seem to be painted.–John Muir in the Atlantic.

Wasteful Ways.

Lemons left with the rind on.
Cold fish thrown away.
Sour milk thrown away.
Cheese permitted to mold.
Fat put in earthen dishes.
Towels used for dish rags.
Dish towels used for holders.
Sheets used for broom dusters.
Napkins used for dish towels.
Cold potatoes allowed to sour.
Pieces of bread and cake thrown away.
The kerosene can left open to evaporate.
The dish pan allowed to rust and crack nuts on.
Placing brushes with bristles side up.
Turning skirts wrong side out when hanging them up.
Failing to dry a box of soap for several days before using it.
Wearing the same clothing each week as it comes out of the wash.
Pieces of bread and cake allowed to dry and mold, then thrown away.
Dried fruits left uncovered and consequently allowed to become moldy.
Leaving a silk umbrella in a case, thereby causing it to spit in the folds.
Allowing whalebones to wear through the waist, thereby ruining a gown.
Sweeping the house in the usual morning dress with the head uncovered.

Rare Old Dishes.

An erudite Egyptian writes in The Revue des Revues of the diet of the ancient Arabs. One meat, it appears, was one of their favorite dishes, and young dogs were as precious in old times among the Arabs as spring chickens are among the people of today. They were also fond of cat meat. The flesh of a black cat was held in the virtues of curing them of the effects of a hoodoo and the evil eye.

Fried grasshoppers and scorpions also formed a very favorite dish. The naturalist, Al-Dishey, who lived in the tenth century, speaks of his visit to the Arabian tribes of Bassorah and of his surprise on discovering that they did not eat grasshoppers. "Nevertheless," he adds, "there is nothing more delicious." He also says that when he went to see his friend, the poet Roobah, he found him seated on the ground enjoying a repast of roast rat. Afterward he had fried lizards.

Notwithstanding the almost religious worship which the Arab professes for the horse, they ate horseflesh, but only the flesh of draft horses, never that of saddle horses. They ate all sorts of mollusks and insects. The Arabs were very fond of black snakes, and they hunted them at the time when the reptiles were about to change their skins, the flesh in that season being extremely tender.

Women as Architects.

"The reason why women would make good, practical architects," says a woman-tied her hair in a knot, "and architects is a valuable one—"is because they know precisely how much room is about a house. They know how to have everything arranged to the best advantage. The whole, it is convenient as it is possible to make it. The gas fixture is not placed in some back corner behind a door, where nobody would ever think of looking for or wanting a light; the wall closets are not thrown up with doors, windows, etcetera, that there is no room for the necessary furniture. The space for the dresser is not left on the side of the room furthest from the light; the closets are not all in the attic instead of a basement, but arranged to be well ventilated; the dining room is made large enough to contain a sideboard as well as the table and chairs; the kitchen sink does not face the light; the pantry will have a window, and will not be placed in the center of the house; the refrigerator or ice chest does not occupy the only wall space large enough for the bedstead or the sofa or the bureau, and the door will be wide enough to admit of any article of furniture made."

Love's Instructions.

Said Laura, in a plaintive tune:
"Since you have left me thus,
Please kill the Spaniard very soon,
And come straight home to me!"

BICYCLES WATCHES FREE

SALESMEN for cigars, $125 a month and expenses, and $50 additional commission; experience unnecessary; to travel in the Southwest. G. C. Bishop & Co., St. Louis, Mo. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED TRAVELING SALESMAN to handle the Union Lamp Burner. Can be used on the starting. Liberal commission. Exclusive territory. Address THE UNION LAMP BURNER & WICK CO., 45-55 Lodge Street, Cleveland, Ohio. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

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CURE WITHOUT DRUGS.

Dowie's Electric Belt Cures Improved Thermal Vapor Bath Cabinet. Everyone who has used it says it has relieved them from the system by natural action of the vapor baths. It cures Rheumatism, Nervousness, Lame Back, Kidney Trouble, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Gout, Female Complaints, Catarrh, all Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Diseases, Obesity, Colds, Grippe, Pneumonia, Fevers, and prevents a cold. Thousands cured for present taking cold. Cures you when out or one. Price $2.00. Ladies should have our Electric Belt Suspensory. Cures all weakness in men. Price $5.00. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Asthma and Catarrh. Clears the skin, removes pimples, blemishes, blotches and salt rheum gives a soft, healthy complexion. FREE Beautiful souvenir and booklet sent to all who write. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS. HOLLENKOPP & McCREERY, 203 Summit St. Toledo, O. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

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SALESMEN to sell toilet soap to dealers; $180 per month; $5 outfit; salary and expenses, or commission; staple line; unnecessary. Louis Ernst Co., St. Louis, Mo. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$16 TO $35 A WEEK and expenses, to men to take orders for Shade Trees, Evergreens, Shrubs, Vines, etc. Stone & Wellington (The Oldest Nursery Firm in America), Toronto, Ont. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

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DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in each locality. Act under orders; no experience necessary. Write at once. American Detective Association, Indianapolis, Ind. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

It Pays men with small capital to send for book telling how to make money with a Magic Lantern. MAGIC LANTERN CO., 1 MacALISTER, 521 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

IMPROVED SCRATCHING BRUSH

It lathes hot, excels in all Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1, 1897. Gentlemen: Yes, just paid. I am, R. M. Wood, Mayor. Sold 1,000 in Chicago. Sold 1,000 in Milwaukee, Wis. Sold 1,000 in Minneapolis, Minn. Sold 1,000 in St. Paul, Minn. Sold 1,000 in Omaha, Neb. Sold 1,000 in Kansas City, Mo. Sold 1,000 in Denver, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Sold 1,000 in San Francisco, Cal. Sold 1,000 in Portland, Ore. Sold 1,000 in Seattle, Wash. Sold 1,000 in Tacoma, Wash. Sold 1,000 in Spokane, Wash. Sold 1,000 in Helena, Mont. Sold 1,000 in Butte, Mont. Sold 1,000 in Boise City, Idaho. Sold 1,000 in Cheyenne, Wyo. Sold 1,000 in Pueblo, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Colorado Springs, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Leadville, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Aspen, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Durango, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Grand Junction, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Ouray, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Silverton, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Telluride, Colo. Sold 1,000 in Ogden, Utah. Sold 1,000 in Provo, Utah. Sold 1,000 in Logan, Utah. Sold 1,000 in Park City, Utah. Sold 1,000 in Virginia City, Nev. Sold 1,000 in Reno, Nev. Sold 1,000 in Carson City, Nev. Sold 1,000 in Tonopah, Nev. Sold 1,000 in Goldfield, Nev. Sold 1,000 in Bullfrog, Nev. Sold 1,000 in Rhyolite, Nev. Sold 1,000 in Las Vegas, Nev. Sold 1,000 in Phoenix, Ariz. Sold 1,000 in Tucson, Ariz. Sold 1,000 in Prescott, Ariz. Sold 1,000 in Albuquerque, N. M. Sold 1,000 in Santa Fe, N. M. Sold 1,000 in Las Vegas, N. M. Sold 1,000 in Roswell, N. M. Sold 1,000 in Deming, N. M. Sold 1,000 in Silver City, N. M. Sold 1,000 in Las Cruces, N. M. Sold 1,000 in El Paso, Texas. Sold 1,000 in Austin, Texas. Sold 1,000 in San Antonio, Texas. Sold 1,000 in Galveston, Texas. Sold 1,000 in Houston, Texas. Sold 1,000 in Dallas, Texas. Sold 1,000 in Fort Worth, Texas. Sold 1,000 in Waco, Texas. Sold 1,000 in Oklahoma City, Okla. Sold 1,000 in Guthrie, Okla. Sold 1,000 in Kingfisher, Okla. Sold 1,000 in Enid, Okla. Sold 1,000 in Perry, Okla. Sold 1,000 in Alva, Okla. Sold 1,000 in Woodward, Okla. Sold 1,000 in Shawnee

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Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing the office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by proper full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and any person claiming to be in that employ is a fraud. No person is authorized to collect money for the Ledger, and no receipt will be shown us for city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict each person acting now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of The Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

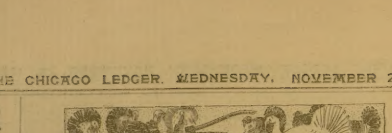
The effort to oust General Blanco hurriedly from Cuba may indicate that the Americans are anxious to get more space on that island to die in than is now available.

The game was well worth playing, and it is no wonder, therefore, that the Spanish commissioners went to the verge of breaking off negotiations in their efforts to win. But American firmness and insistence upon the terms of the protocol have triumphed and Spain yields at last to the inevitable. She cannot shift the penalty of her wrongdoings in Cuba upon her conquerors.

In Switzerland if a child does not attend school on a particular day the parent gets a notice from the public authority that he is fined so many francs; the second day the fine is increased, and by the third day the amount becomes serious one. In case of sickness the pupil is excused, but if there be any suspicion of shamming a doctor is sent. If the child is pronounced to be well founded the parent is required to pay the cost of the doctor's visit.

Harper's Bazar calls attention to the military tone of some new dances this winter. A cotillion is named after Admiral Dewey. In this dance, after marching and countermarching, the lines of opposing dancers carry on a brisk battle with confetti, whose colored paper ribbons transmesh the company in a great rainbow-like web. There are still other military figures—the Colonel, the Light Brigade, the Stars and Stripes, and the Imperial Guards. The Cadet Lancers, instead of before danced in squares, becomes each a diagonal dance, with resulting figures in the shape of triangles and stars.

The Spanish regular troops in Cuba are now much scattered, and number about 85,776. In the Province of Pinar del Rio there are in all 10,459 men. In the Province of Havana there are 14,100 men. In the Province of Matanzas there are 9,500 men. In the Province of Santa Clara there are 21,306 men, of whom 12,550 men are in the Sabrita division, in the trocha Jucaro-Moron there are 4,100 men. In the Province of Porto Principe there are 5,660 men. The Province of Santiago originally contained 13,525 in the Manzanillo division, 7,700 in the Holguin division, and 21,256 in the Santiago division. Out of the total of 42,425 men in Santiago province about 24,000 men have been transported to Spain, leaving about 18,425 now there. These are regular Spanish troops, with whose transportation the commissioners will have to reckon. Besides these there were over 30,000 volunteers and guerillas.



A MOUNTAIN NYMPH

Through Love's Crucible--A Story of Thrilling Situations and Perils to Life and Happiness--A Struggle Won.

By E. BURKE COLLINS.

SYNOPSIS.

[Finley Warburton, an old and feeble millionaire, has two nephews, Edgar Warner and Herbert Wentworth. Edgar being the favorite and prospective heir until the uncle visits the mountains of Tennessee and is nursed back to life by a beautiful girl, Belinda Wynne, who afterward comes to nurse him at his home. The old man wants Edgar to marry the girl and so share the fortune between them. He refuses and goes away to make his way in the world. A will made by the uncle is stolen. The old man is delirious and unable to make a new one, but is on the point of recovery when Herbert steals into the room and causes a relapse. He is then accosted by a man to whom he owes a large sum of money, and to make a raise he becomes engaged to Doris Arnold, the daughter of a banker. Belinda reads a letter from Edgar and learns what is expected of her. She is filled with horror. That night Herbert enters the sick chamber, chloroforms Belinda, rifles the safe, strangles his uncle, and leaves an overcoat belonging to Edgar in the room. Edgar is arrested for the murder of his uncle. The last will found leaves all the property to Edgar save $50,000, which goes to Herbert. At the reading of the will the robbery of the safe is discovered. Herbert proposes to Belinda. Belinda agrees to give Herbert his answer on the 15th of June and starts across the mountains. Herbert learns that Mr. Arnold is practically a bankrupt, and deserts Doris on their wedding day, the 15th of June. Doris becomes insane. Edgar is acquitted of the murder of his uncle. Herbert follows Belinda to her mountain home, arriving there on the 15th of June. Belinda had previously offended a mountain lover and he witnesses the interview between them. This man Gregg also destroys a letter from Edgar to Belinda, asking for an interview, and threatens Herbert. Edgar, however, gets the Light Brigade, and is discovered by Belinda unconscious, he having fallen from his horse. While they talk two shots are fired at Edgar, both without result. Edgar goes to the house for protection and Herbert disappears, leaving a copy of a Philadelphia paper containing an account of Doris Arnold's interrupted wedding and a note saying that Edgar was the man wanted. As a result the girl refuses to see him, and Edgar goes away. Later Doris meets him for Herbert. Herbert is injured while riding on the mountains and is taken to a moonshiner's hut by Gregg, who proposed to surrender him to the law. The last will is found and Edgar proposes to surrender the estate to Belinda, who refuses it. In charge of Belinda in the secret of Doris. Edgar consents to persuade Herbert and marry her. At the wedding house on the wedding night, he meets Belinda.]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WEDDING.

He stopped short, and a stifled exclamation burst from his lips. He came to her side and held out his hand.

"Miss Wynne!" he cried. "When did you arrive? Will you, are you——"

"Yes," she answered, coldly, "I am coming to the wedding, Mr. Warner, by my Jordan's invitation. He urged it upon me, and promised to meet me here. I see him coming down the street now."

At the tall, gaunt form of the old lawyer leaning on his arm and the crowd that had begun to gather, after the usual fashion, in the vicinity of the house where the "wedding" was to take place. A strange, an awful feeling of loneliness crept over Edgar Warner.

"Belinda! Tell me you do not think I am doing wrong in consenting to his experiment!" he cried, anxiously. "It is for humanity's sake."

"I do not believe in doing evil that good may come," she returned coldly, "but it is no concern of mine. And, after all, it is only right and just that you should make right that terrible wrong."

He hardly comprehended. A cold feeling of keen disappointment settled down upon his heart. She did not seem to look upon the action as praiseworthy, or anything like an heroic sacrifice. He felt vaguely disappointed.

"It will not be a legal ceremony," he went on, hurriedly; "or, of course, I would not consent to it. I am only persuaded by Jordan's argument that it is for humanity's sake."

She gave him one glance, so full of utter scorn and contempt that he quailed unconsciously before it. Why did she look so? What had he done to forfeit her respect, though she could not love him?

"I hope you will not think me intrusive," she ventured, breaking the awkward silence at length. "Mr. Jordan wrote me, advising me to come, and so—well, I had some business in Philadelphia—and so I came. Daddy is no better, Mr. Warner"—(a suspicious catch in her voice)—"and I have decided to seek medical advice here. There are famous doctors in this city * * * and I owe up to him, and I—I—mean to pay them back if I——" she stopped short, flushing, with proud face.

"Why, child, you are heiress to the Warburton fortune," cried Edgar eagerly. "You need not hesitate to procure the very best medical advice in the country. Don't hesitate a moment; and, Belinda, I am so glad this money is yours. You will use it wisely and be very happy yet."

"Never!"

She shook her head dejectedly.

"I could not take that money, Mr. Warner. But I will lay aside my pride and ask for enough to have my father's tomb properly treated. I will see you later on the subject, Mr. Jordan, if you consent."

"Poor child!"

He seized her hand there upon the street, and pressed it to his heart. She shrank back, her face white and startled.

"Belinda, my darling, give yourself," she said coldly.

"I beg your pardon," he faltered. "I wanted to say that of course, this money is yours, all yours. I shall never touch it again. I want you to consent to take possession at once. You can have your father properly treated, and he will recover. You can have all the advantages and pleasures that are so congenial to the young. You can do whatever you wish. Why, the world is all before you, where to choose, Belinda."

She stood gazing into his face, pale and wavering.

"It is your duty," he added, suggestively.

"I will decide tomorrow," she faltered. "I don't care for myself, Mr. Warner; not one particle; but dad, dear old dad. It just breaks my heart to see him lying there, so patient, and yet suffering so."

"Miss Belinda!"

It was Mr. Jordan's voice. The girl turned with a start.

"Come, my dear," said the lawyer, "take my arm and come in. Now" as she shrank back trembling, "why, you promised to come."

"I cannot, Mr. Jordan; please excuse me, I only promised because you wished me to., I find I am not able—she stopped.

"Please excuse me," she repeated, "I cannot."

"Very well, then, I will not go either." The lawyer's face wore a strange look of triumph. "Really, Edgar," turning to the young man, "I do not care to see this thing through. After all, I'm no hand at the performance, and when it is ended, let us know."

"Miss Wynne has no interest in my fate," said Edgar, bitterly, "she would not come if her presence were not bound and binding, and not a silly experiment upon a girl's weak, nervous system."

He stalked angrily past Belinda as he spoke, and entered the house. Time was passing and in this farce of a wedding ceremony, it would not be well if the bridegroom arrived late.

Upstairs, in her pretty chamber, Doris Arnold sat sewing, with the pale shadow of the man whose wife she expected to be, slowly over the clouded brain a dim light was breaking. Like one awaking from a dream, Doris Arnold began to struggle back to reason. Would she be able to succeedfully? Or would it prove fatal? Her nurse watched her closely, but hopefully. Yet, if it were to prove a success, what would be the after result? Would the reason overthrown, what could Doris say to the deception which had been practiced upon her? There were those in the second who shook their heads with grave forebodings as the ceremony began. He felt vaguely all that could be done was to carry out the plan arranged, and watch for the result in the hands of Providence.

And there the little bride sat, arrayed in a white satin dress, grown white and had been duplicated for the occasion, and awaited with eager eyes the coming of the man she loved. Miss Ophelia stooped over the slender, fragile, wasted form and said tenderly:

"My dear, are you happy?"

The pale face upturned, eyes were lifted to the loving face.

"Happy, oh, auntie, so very happy; Only, you do not think Herbert—Herbert"— she hesitated over the name—"where is he?" she asked abruptly. And then with a look that it was time for Edgar to appear, and, trembling in every limb, Miss Ophelia went in search of him. A few moments later she ushered him into the room. Pale to the lips, he looked like some beautiful marble image, as he bent tawly over Doris' little wasted hand.

"Doris!" he said softly, and his voice sounded so like Herbert's that the girl started and flung her arms around his neck.

"Kiss me, Herbert," she whispered. "Why, you do not seem to want to."

Her voice was full of passionate protest. Edgar Warner hesitated for an instant; then he pressed his lips lightly to hers, though his heart reproached him for the detection.

"Come," said Doctor Way, who stood near, watching the scene with professional interest, "if you are ready, I am ready."

Below stairs, all were waiting, and a solemn hush and silence lay over the great house. The guests, only a few in number, were deeply interested in this strange and unheard-of proceeding. There was hope that the poor girl might recover; there were fears lest the test prove fatal, and that she would develop into a raving maniac. So, in breathless silence, they sat and waited for what was to come. Edgar felt very uncomfortable and guilty.

"I cannot," he muttered with sudden decision; he turned to Doctor Way: "I shall break down at the last moment, I feel sure. How can I go on with this farce?"

Doctor Way laid his hand upon the young man's arm. "Courage, my friend," he whispered. "Keep up your courage and heart a little longer. The clergyman has had his instructions and will make the ceremony as brief as possible. To tell the truth, I do not believe that it will be necessary to repeat the ceremony at all; for my theory is——"

"I am ready, Herbert——"

Edgar turned upon the silence and she arose.

"You will not keep the guests waiting longer," she went on in a voice that sounded more like her own than she had spoken since that dark day in the court house. "They have already waited for an hour," she added, sadly.

And she pointed to the clock ticking away on the marble mantel: "it is half-past three."

So it was. Surely, her brain was growing clearer. Edgar drew her to his side, trembling violently, his face as white as it would be in the parade of the bridegroom led the little, trembling figure away, followed closely by Aunt Ophelia with many mystifying nods. Never was she determined to be prepared for any emergency that might come.

Doctor Way and Mr. Arnold followed in the rear, and as the bridal party ascended the richly carpeted staircase and turned in the direction of the brilliantly lighted drawing room, the clergyman fell into the strange procession in dead silence. A low murmur went around the guests when they entered the room, at the sight of the poor little bride, and the shrinking figure of Edgar. They came to a halt before the white-robed clergyman, who looked ill at ease, and quite overcome by the part that he had been induced to play. Nothing would have persuaded him to play it but the one hope of the ultimate recovery of the girl's reason. The clergyman stood up and opened his book.

Just then the door bell rang loudly; there was a slight bustle in the hall, and a moment later a man entered the drawing room and made his way straight to

the side of the bridal party. It was Daniels, the detective.

"Herbert Wentworth!" rang out a clear voice, sharply, and a hand came down upon Edgar's shoulder. "I arrest you in the name of the law, for the murder of Finley Warburton!"

Daniels produced a pair of handcuffs as he spoke; but before he could fasten them upon the young man's wrists he stepped short with a cry of astonishment.

"Not Herbert Wentworth!" he exclaimed. "my Heavens! What does this mean? Who—where—"

He did not finish. With a wild shriek that rang through the house, like the wail of a lost soul, Doris Arnold fell to the floor like one dead.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FALSE TRAIL.

The cabin on the mountainside where Herbert Wentworth had found shelter was rude and rough, but old Downs was not a bad nurse, besides, he would literally do anything for money. But as the days passed and the wounded man grew better and better he became more restless.

"Say, Nate, I'm getting tired of this," he said one morning to Nate Gregg, who had come up the night after they had paid a visit to Herbert's bedside, and found him still in a raging fever which none of the mountain people could allay. "He's been that a way now, ever since he came. That ain't but one more thing as I knows on in that I am to—to—to—Say, Nate, you'll just a word or two over yan way, so's none's place. If so be, I could git some, or of so be Mandy Wynne'll happen to have it, wal, she'll sell me some. That ain't much on this mountain that Hannah Wynne wouldn't sell, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'. Some folks is awful perticular, Nate?"

Nate Gregg scratched his mood of coarse black hair with a meditative look upon his face from handsome features.

"Reckon as how she'd give some to me," he presently said. "I'll just step over and seein' that that gal, Belindy. Ef so she's away, I'll try it myself."

"All right. You see, Nate, 'taint the thing for you and me to let the feller die, and not make no move to help him. "Won't look well, Nate, and that's a fact."

"Well, I'll be back in a hour or two," said Nate Gregg, quick to agree, and he hurried out of the cabin. Of course thing Nate Gregg was really and truly afraid and that was death. It was the only terror he knew, and he shrank from the sight of it.

Meanwhile he rode away with long, swinging strides, and was soon relishing in his home before the door of the Wynne farm house. Hannah Wynne came to the little green gate as he was late, but the moon shone so strongly that there was no mistake possible, and she recognized her visitor even at a distance.

"Why, Nate, what's the matter?" she called.

He made known his errand, carefully concealing the identity of the stranger, and Hannah nodded her head like a Chinese Mandarin.

"To be sho'. Jes' you come in, Nate," she returned. "Oh, Belindy, she ain't here. She's gone to Philadelphy."

"Gone to Philadelphy?"

Nate Gregg could hardly articulate, so intense was his astonishment. His little eyes fairly protruded, and his big, brawny hands clenched themselves involuntarily.

"What on airth she gone thar for?" he gasped.

"To a weddin'." Mrs Wynne spoke in a starchy manner. "Yes, she's gone to a weddin'. She didn't say what time will ole Warburton's been found, and that our Belindy was to be bridesmaid."

"The—old Warburton's been found!" Gregg echoed, in a dazed voice.

"I do, though. But 'twould be best if our Belindy to give it up, or—or—Nate, or somethin' or other. She ain't like no other mortial I ever knowed."

"When she a comin'?" Nate questioned Gregg.

"That we uns don't know. I tells you, Nate, when a woman once gits a taste o' fine life 'mong folks, she ain't a goin' to give it up for nothin'. I'm thinkin' as how Belindy'll never be plumb satisfied here ag'in."

The mountaineer sighed profoundly.

"No, that she won't, and I'll be found she'll marry some o' them fine city fellers, Hanner; you promised her to me."

Hannah's face fell.

"I known it; but I can't manage her, nor can Jes Nate, and that's a fact."

Again he sighed.

"It's a truth. I can't control her at all," the mother went on. "I never could. She ain't got no ways likken to ourn and never will. She's a lady, Jes' like you, Nate, and see no more about it than I do, yet awhile."

But Nathan Gregg felt intuitively that Mrs. Wynne knew more than she chose, and was prompted by utter a motive that she had other prospects in view for Belinda.

The old woman gave him the desired herbs, and he hied to take the first glance through the golden glory of the moonlight, which was now at the full, outcasting in its way of light. No pretty had ever been wasted in the complexion of Nate Gregg. He was literal and strong, brisk and he wasted no time on sentiment.

Even through the moonlight he rode, thinking as he went of Belinda.

"That's the gal for my somethin'!" he exclaimed, contentiously, "and I'm goin' to find her, and I'll see what's done with her. Gone back to Philadelphy."

He reined in his horse as he spoke, and with a muttered oath. It had never before have been some danger of riding over the man in the road. Straight before him, a tall, dark figure loomed up in the moonlight, and Nate Gregg knew every feature of the man's face in bold relief.

"Halt!" he said in a stern voice. "Who air you, and what air you a-doin' here?" Gregg at this hail of the night.

But the stranger repeated the words not those of an illiterate mountaineer, Nate Gregg knew. He drew back upon his haunches and returned the stranger's scrutiny with compound interest.

"Who are you, and what want o' me?" he asked hoarsely. "As I owe you anything?"

"Not a cent," returned the stranger, the unexpected rejoinder. "Where is he?"

"He? Who?" Nate Gregg demanded.

"Now, s'pose I know?" he interrogated; "what'll you give me to know, too?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Whew-ew!"

The exclamation dropped from Nate Gregg's lips in utter amazement.

"Five hundred dollars?"

"None at all," was the composed response. "I'll give it to the man who is Mr. Herbert Wentworth is, and I will guarantee that you are safe richer, before twenty-four hours are over."

"Wall, I never! Sure and honest, stranger?"

"Sure and honest." (A trifle impatiently). "Is he here?"

He took a step nearer as he spoke and revealed a shining badge. Nate Gregg saw it.

"A policeman?" he gasped.

"A detective. I have a warrant for the arrest of Herbert Wentworth, on the charge of murder."

"Good Lord!"

"Well, are you going to help me?"

"To be sho'. Catch the cheap refusal cash, an' such an amount! No, sir; nev Hindi! What's that?"

For the measured tramp, tramp of horses' feet fell upon the ears of both men. The detective wheeled almost, a look of eager interest dawning upon his face.

"Hush, I think, for a moment. It is, if I am not mistaken, my deputy. Hello, Clark, is that you?"

The man on the approaching horse checked his animal with a hasty salute to the detective.

"Here, Sir."

"Have you found the stranding sealed envelope, as I instructed you?"

"I have, sir, and it is for you. It is a telegram; just came to Hendersonville. I knew you would be anxious, and I rode on to deliver it to you."

"Thank you."

Daniels tore open the envelope and held up the message in the golden glory of the moonlight. A sudden flush mounted to his features, succeeded by a sudden expression of delight, the whole countenance was irradiated.

"All right. The game is as good as bagged," he cried. "Thanks, Clark, for your prompt delivery. My work is done, your section have saved the same. Want to ride to town?"

And he placed the slip of yellow paper in his assistant's hand. It read as follows:

"Herbert Wentworth is in Philadelphia. Harry Miss Arnold at once.

Signed) CHIEF OF P—"

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT LAST.

And now Daniels had made the astonishing discovery that it was not Nate, that he had made a mistake; the man whom he had arrested was not Herbert Wentworth. The detective was deeply overwhelmed.

"I do not know how to beg your pardon, Mr. Wentworth," he said, humbly, "but you sent here by the chief of police; and, as circumstances had thus overwhelmingly, about to make Miss Arnold his wife. Will you try and find excuses for me, Mr. Wentworth? I can never tell you my sorrow and regret for this unintentional insult."

"You are pardoned," returned Edgar; "you meant no wrong, or harm."

Miss Upham had hastened to the spot where Doris had fallen, and, lifting her head, began bathing her temples and chafing the other side of her. Dr. Day placed the fragile figure on a sofa, and restoratives were applied, but everybody in the house fairly held their breath with terror over the final consequences.

Quite reset-fallen, Daniels withdrew, and the knocker upon the outside house knock. "I would Doris ever come back to life? Or would she awake a raving maniac?" God bless her, she awoke with love-lighted eyes upon her own, and Edgar's.

But at last the end of the swoon came, and Doris opened her eyes. Doctor Day was close at hand to note the first gleam that flashed into them. Edgar, watching him anxiously, fancied that his face fell. He drew his breath hard and pressed a little nearer. Doctor Day reached out and took his hand; but he whispered one word only to her father. That one word was "Hope."

"Papa."

The girl's voice had its old tone once more, and all the unnatural tension was gone.

"Papa!" raising herself to a sitting posture, "why are all these people here? We are having a reception and I—I—faint!"

Then her eyes fell upon the satin bridal dress, and the veil. She drew back with and a shiver convulsed her frame.

"I see, now," she said, quite calmly and distinctly, "I was about to marry Herbert Wentworth, and he was arrested on the charge of the murder of Finley Warburton. Oh!"

A groan escaped her father's lips. Doris arose slowly to her feet.

"Aunt Upham," she said, calmly turning to that lady, "will you please remove this veil? I am not going to marry a murderer; and that the charge is true, something in my heart tells me."

With trembling hands the old maid removed the veil and wreath.

"Lean on my arm," she said gently, "and I will go with you to your room."

Doris hesitated, looked about and faced them all. "I am not ill; I am not crushed by this blow. If Herbert Wentworth is guilty of this murder, and I feel that it is true, I could not possibly care for or regret him. There is no sorrow in it all for me; nothing but horror and a natural regret that any man should so debase himself away and commit such a dreadful crime as murder—and the murder of his best friend. I will retire with Aunt Upham, my guests, and we will talk and forget the unpleasant occurrence."

And they did. Doctor Day watched the girl, but could see nothing in look, word or deed to betray the slightest touch of insanity.

The scene removed, her eyes opened to the truth, all is well," he argued.

In the private examination was kept to the ears of the guests. The brain disease that could be gathered together; and Doris was pronounced perfectly cured.

One morning, while sitting in his office, Detective Daniels was confronted by an interested spectator, Doctor Gregg in his Hindu best, gotten up regardless of expense and correspondence—stood stiff as a ramrod before him.

"If you please, sir," bowing awkwardly (as if you are would like to fetch that thar Herbert Wentworth, I kin show you uns where he is; I'll be glad to pay me the five hundred dollars."

"The wise the amount offered for his arrest by the governor of the state," returned Daniels, "and if you've got him, just take me to the spot and I can lay my hand on him, and the reward is yours."

It was done. Herbert was fast recovering, and when confronted by the detective, he made no resistance. He threw up his hands, in sporting parlance, at once.

"Yes, I killed Finley Warburton," he said sullenly, "and I am tired of hiding, and am ready to suffer for the deed."

He was taken to Philadelphia, to the old Warburton mansion.

"In the old vault, in the back part of the grounds," he said, concisely. "You will find the keys of the safe and the tourmalin cross. I dropped them there."

They took him to the spot. The well was nearly full of water, dews, and long disused. After some hard work the ring and keys were brought to light and identified.

"And now, I have to tell you," he said, "that I am going to escape capital punishment."

There was a sudden spring from [illegible] grappling hooks were brought, and after a time was drawn forth, stone dead. He had died from the effects of the foul air, as much as from the deep and dark water in the old, long unused well. And his world left him calm.

This was a quiet funeral, which Doctor Day deemed it advisable for Doris to attend. She was composed, and seemed to realize that he was dead.

Her cure was complete. She learned to speak of him with quiet address; but never regretted his death. In a few years before Doris learned to love again, heard fellow, whom in time she married. Her father and Miss Upham both live with them, all very happy and united.

Among Herbert Wentworth's effects a slip of paper was found, which had evidently been removed from the little safe by the guilty man. It was in Finley Warburton's handwriting, and was entitled. "Memorandum."

"This is my last will. That Belinda Wentworth, who is now my ward, and the Warburton fortune be equally divided between them, knowing that such action, while the father [illegible] wishes such marriage to take place. It is my most earnest desire that the two whom it is desired should marry. I have nothing or nothing to say living creature as to my wishes on the subject. If they marry and learn to love each other all will be well. If not, each shall be allowed to decide as he or she sees fit. I shall not seek to influence the bequest bear.

As soon as Edgar had read these words he started at once for Hilbert and Belinda. He found her at her father's bedside, hastened to pour forth the whole [illegible] and showed her the paper hung her head in confusion.

"I am utterly unworthy," she faltered. "Herbert Wentworth told me that if you who had deserted poor Doris, and—and—made love to me, believed [illegible] Edgar—could you possibly forgive me?"

And Edgar was kind. For therein grand wedding not long afterward, [illegible] little Nymph of the Mountain exchanged her name for that of

"Hanner" Wynne refused to leave the mountains, and old Eben Arnold preferred the breezes of his native hills to the bustle of city life. He lamented [illegible] him, since Sandie was dead, and he lives happily with his wife in the old cabin in the mountains. He is surrounded by every imaginable comfort and luxury. The cheerful presence of a contented heart.

As for Our Belindy" and Edgar, they are perfectly wrapped up in each other. Lawyer Jordan says they have been through Love's Crucible and Love's Fire, and purified; and there is no happiness on earth like that.

And Bernard Jordan is old enough and wise enough to learn it.

(The end)

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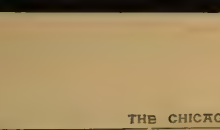
Acute Reasoner.

He—You will some day regret refusing me.

She—Really?

He—Really. If you live to be an old maid you will regret this chance, and if you marry some fellow you will feel sure that you could have found a better husband.



THE LUCKY WHACK.

The Strange Story of a Flying Boat--Wild Adventures on the Mexican Gulf--The Romance of a Mother and Her Son.

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

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SYNOPSIS.

[A lad, whose true name and infantile history are involved in mystery, lives with his supposed widowed mother in New Orleans. A mysterious old man often comes and sits under the trees near the home and becomes the boy's fast friend. They go everywhere together, the old man, who seems rich, being convinced that the boy should become a useful man. During an accident in a mix-up to make the acquaintance of Treat Blake, a young genius. The old man furnishes them with money, and the two boys, Homer and Treat, build a wonderful boat which would both sail on water and fly in the air. They make a voyage on the Gulf of Mexico, and in a great storm the boat is wrecked, while flying among the clouds, and Homer falls insensible on an island. Treat rescues him. Homer has an enemy in a rough youth who seems to be the old man's nephew. They are both finds on the island. Homer eludes him and goes in search of Treat, but discovers a great deserted house. He finds that the people who once lived in the once beautiful mansion were a Spanish family named Valdez. He seems to remember that he once lived there. A long coral reef connected the island with a neighboring island, and in passing across this he meets his enemy and they struggle. Homer throws him among the sharks and watches him go down to be devoured by the sea. There he is killed by the sharks. Homer crosses the reef and finds a boat in which he sails to and fro

THE LUCKY WHACK.

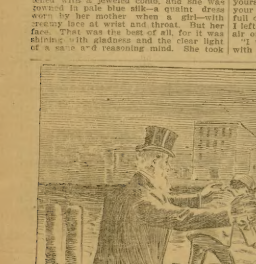
Continued from Page Twelve.)

trmebled. The lady, though marvelling at the strange world about her, let her eyes dwell upon me lingeringly as the carriage moved away.

With such tongues, as well as hands, we then stored our effects in the boat house and hurried away to Treat's home. Again there was a glad meeting and wonder following the strange tale we told. Before we had done with the wild story Mr. Morton and the carriage were at the door. Dressed in clothes which I had left in Treat's room the morning we went away, I entered the carriage with my fond old comrade and was driven out the Rue Rampart to his home. I might have been a prince, indeed, instead of simple Rod Hall, the way he led me to the door. When we entered the great drawing room we there found the dear soul whom I had always known as mother. In a twinkling her arms were about me and her kisses on my sun-tanned cheeks.

"I am not your true mother, Homer," she said, pushing the hair back from my brow, "but I love you just as fondly. You will always be my boy. There were tears in her eyes, though she smiled.

I stared and stammered my amazement, and turned in bewilderment to Mr. Morton. He was nodding his head and chuckling joyfully. "You have found yourself a new mother," he said; "she is here," and they led me through a curtained door into another room. The Queen of the Birds was standing there, and I have no words with which to say how changed and fair she seemed. Her silvery hair was rolled upon the crown of her dainty head and fastened with a jeweled comb, and she was covered in a blue silk—a quaint dress worn by her mother when a girl—with creamy lace at wrist and throat. But her face. That was the best of all, for it was shining with gladness and the clear light of a sane and reasoning mind. She took



"Barbara, my little Barbara! don't you know me?"

both my hands in hers and looked into my face.

"I am your mother," she said, and her voice, limpid and tender, did not seem the same. "I have not seen you since you were a little child; you do not remember me, but a mother's love never dies. You are my little Homer in you now—so plain, so plain!

"Ah!" I cried, "yours is the sweet face of my dream. It is clear to me. The house, the black tupelo, the great spring and the fields of cane! Mother! My sweet mother, I know you, and I love you even now!"

We clung to each other like two children there, and our hearts dialing as parched earth is filled with balmy rains. At last I laid my finger on my lip and looked at Mr. Morton, and the mystery of his friendship opening wide to me.

"You cried, astonished with the thought, "then you are my grandfather!"

"I was waiting for the truth to dawn on you," he laughed, a kind of glory in his dear old face. "Come into the library and I will explain it all to you."

When we were seated in the room of many books he turned to me. "Tell me of your journey first," he said.

Then I told him much that I have written here; the success of the Lucky Whack and its wreckage, of the strange old house, the story of the tragedy upon it, and the finding of the daft lady on the wooded cape. The story bore him strangely. When it was finished he sat for a time brooding sadly.

"The young man—his fate grieves me," he said at last. "He was the son of a gardner who died in my employ. I thought to adopt the boy and make a man of him, but the traits he developed made it seem wssafe. No doubt he got at my papers and, learning that you were my lawful heir, fancied that were you out of the way he might be left such wealth as yet remains to me.

"As for yourself, the mystery surrounding your life and the strangeness of my conduct touching you, sprang from a great sorrow and trouble lying in the past. Your father—my son-in-law—was ruined, it seemed to me, by luxury. His name was Lawrence Maywood. He was an only son, and, prone to great wealth from childhood he was surfeited with everything that heart could wish, he had no need to strive; the blessed spur of necessity had been removed from his existence. Only pleasure was left him and the ruinous pursuit of it.

"Well, many sad things fell of which I have no mind to tell. When he came to manhood his parents died and wealth fell about him like a flood. It went from him, too, like a flood. In the midst of it all he was wedded to your mother. Ah, he treated her badly, very badly. That he might be separated from temptations, I erected and gave him the house and plantation which you found on the island. But he soon tired of it. He was not gay enough; and he practically abandoned the beautiful place and with it his wife and child, spending most of his time in the city. Just a grave thing happened, for the man's mood was black and grew flabby from want of virtuous exercise, and he went away with an actress, a very daughter of theater folks were going to Havana by steamer, and my daughter, leaving you with the woman whom you have since known as mother, secretly took passage on the same vessel. What befell her was always an insoluable mystery, and is now made but partly clear by you having brought her home to me.

"I had come here from our home in New York, your grandmother being dead, and finding this cruel condition of things, purchased this house that your mother and yourself might have shelter and care. But your mother never returned, and, being full of the bitterness of misapplied riches. I left you to grow up in the cool, temperate air of common life.

"I will now only add that I am pleased with you, and that now, and through the remainder of my days, I wish my home to be yours. Your true mother, and the woman who has been a mother to you, shall share it with us. As for young Blake—you had best remain his partner, the world will the sooner hear of you."

"And did you never hear from him—my father?" I asked, for despite the dark record, I somehow pitied him.

"Yes," he replied, sadantantly, "he died in Paris two years afterward. The grass grows with girls and we have the company of it."

I have now been considering it—the lesson which has been a mother to you, and to be mine, I am planning to set aside a little of the weakening ease and pleasure which has come into my life. Nothing seems quite so fine as the elation which attends fighting out of debt by paying. Treat says that this is true, and I agree with him, especially now that we have begun getting out the patterns for another and larger Lucky Whack. The new boat is more to my liking than anything else since my mother's face, and how erect and to fancy that the Whack cannot presently bring better luck than the old one. When the last new being planed comes to completion, our first voyage will take us to my grand old home, and the plantation which I discovered on the island. Mr. Morton has given the estate to Treat and myself, and, under his direction, we are to restore it to its old time purpose and beauty. It is to be the outing-place of our families, and sometime, with my study in the little glass room at the top of the house, from which I looked out that memorable morning on the flowery plantation and the sea, I may write of the new Lucky Whack and her voyage to the Happy Isle.

The end.

Action has little time to use its tongue.

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HOME AND HEALTH.

Table Accessories.

BY IDA D. BENNETT.

In embroidering table accessories, doilies, and counterpieces, the choice of color is

SQUARE CENTER PIECE.

really the most important consideration, as upon the harmony with or artistic contrast to the dominant tone of the tableware depends its success. White, green and gold alone seem to harmonize almost universally with the widest range of color. Of these three, green may always be depended upon for dainty freshness of effect.

In the accompanying illustration for a dinner service of five pieces, consisting of round and oval center-pieces, corner for serving-cloth, and square carafe-mat, five shades of green are employed, with white for edge and French knot stitch employed in border.

The spray of leaves, a species of wild Columbine, should be embroidered in Kensington stitch, using a single strand of the silk. Careful attention to shading should be observed, keeping the upper and right-hand side of leaves lightest, and following the outline of a leaf, lining under another with a darker shade of silk.

The fine seed corpuscles at the end of

Oval Center.

sprays are worked in satin stitch crosswise over several stitches taken lengthwise to serve as padding.

In working the borders, white Spanish floss is preferable, as it is heavier. The square center, or carafe-mat, has the scroll edge worked in long and short button-hole stitch, allowing the stitches to slant so as to

ROUND CENTER PIECE.

form a shading. The upper edge may be done in outline, and the space above between the leaves be filled with French knot-stitch, or what is very effective, run or darned with short-stitch in parallel lines. This gives a fine silky background, and is much used.

After cutting out and laundering the work, the edge must be gone over once more in button-hole stitch. This will cover the raw edge left by cutting out, prevent fraying, and give a much handsomer finish. The corner for serving-cloth may be used also for tray-cloth or lunch-cloth, and the finish is the same as the square doily.

In the round doily, the inclosed space between the scrolls are filled with French knot. The oval center with an inch-and-a-quarter fringe should be stitched along the edge on the machine with a rather loose stitch, and then done over in outline.

It will be found desirable to work the designs with the linen stretched over a hoop, but in finishing the edge, it will be necessary to hold the work loose in the hand or pinned to the knee. In laundering, only pure white soap and hot water should be used. Make a suds, but do not rub soap directly on the article. When clean, iron on wrong side while still wet on clean muslin stretched over several thicknesses of flannel.

Furnishing of the Sick Room.

No unnecessary article of furniture should be found in the sick room. If there is space to accommodate two beds so much the better, as the day can be passed in one and the night in the other. An iron bedstead is the most convenient, the mattress should be of hair, and the pillow the same. All curtains should be removed. Light blankets only should be used as a covering for the sick. In addition to the bed or beds there should be two tables, a wash stand, a chest of drawers, one or two chairs, and a sofa. The wash stand should be provided with one or two basins and a plentiful supply of water, the room is perhaps better uncarpeted; if carpeted, the carpet must be removed in cases of infectious disease. If there is a mirror in the room it had better be taken away. Flowers may be placed about the room, and the walls should be hung with pictures.

Fashion and Fabric.

The skirt models cut with five or seven gores, plain rather than full, are in favor. The five-gored shape has a rather wide side breadth.

The new English serge and wide wale diagonal costumes have little tucked sleeve puffs, some of the bodices being tucked also, the tucks edged with very fine gold braid.

For elderly women are some new shawl shaped capes, about as long as a shawl proper, formed very much like the newest fur capes. These are made variously of corded silk, plain satin or brocade and are trimmed with a deep graduated ruffle of the same or with rather wide lace.

It is officially announced that buttons will be extensively used wherever possible and that they will, as a rule be of considerable size, not always round, but oval, square and oblong also.

The new purple or plum red tailor cloths, velvets, satin brocades and henriettas are exceedingly artistic and beautiful and very becoming to either a blonde or a brunette with color.

Rose-colored peau de soie or satin waists will be very fashionably worn in the evening with skirts of black velvet, faille or satin, and occasionally they will be seen with skirts of lustrous dark green repped silk.

Straps of braid terminate on many costumes in tiny buckles of fancy buttons, and tailor vests fasten with the latter trimming. The really necessary button is small, but the one for ornament only is rather large.

For evening toilets nets, soft liberty satins, India silks, chiffon and crepe de chine are variously used for yokes or guimpes, and many times the sash or folded girdle and little sleeve puffs are formed of corresponding material.

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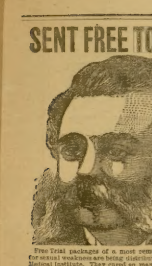

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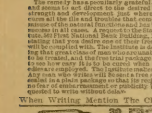

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Below will be found a puzzle picture of Little Red Riding Hood. Here is the wolf, and there is Red Riding Hood. He is looking for her; she is missing from the picture. Any reader who can discover Red is entitled to a Camera and full outfit of plates, tray, developer, toning and fixing chemicals, dry plate holders and instructions. Little Red Riding Hood is in the picture; hunt her carefully and you may find her and win a Camera. Turn the picture around slowly and look for her carefully—if you find her draw a pencil mark around her, cut out the picture and send us it in an envelope and we will send you BOYCE'S MONTHLY for a year and a Camera free. The amount you may send includes all charges, packing, postage, etc.

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THE KITCHEN AND TABLE

Thanksgiving Recipes.

Economical Fruit Cake.

Five ounces butter, two pounds flour, one pound currants, one gill yeast, enough milk to make a thick batter; one tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon. Mix the flour, leaving out one-fourth pound, with the butter cut in small pieces, the sugar, cinnamon and fruit; add milk enough to form a thick batter, and lastly stir in the yeast. Mix it over night and set it away to rise; in the morning stir in the remainder of the flour, and let it rise; when light mould it out very lightly; butter your pan, and bake in an oven about as hot as for bread.

Sweet Potato Pudding.

Two cups mashed sweet potato (the potato must first be boiled), a cup of sugar, a small cup of butter, three eggs, one-fourth tablespoonful soda, dissolved in a little hot water, a teaspoonful lemon extract and one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Beat the eggs until they are very light, rub the butter to a cream, and mix all with the potato; cover a deep plate or shallow pudding dish with a thick crust; then put in the mixture and bake slowly for three-fourths of an hour.

Cheese Sticks.

Mix well one-half cup of butter into one cup of flour, add one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar; mix with enough water to form a stiff dough; roll out very thin. Have ready one-half cup of grated cheese, sprinkle a little on the dough with a very little cayenne pepper and salt; after you do this until the cheese is all used up, then cut into strips of it greased pans and bake in quick oven.

Oatmeal Pudding.

Two ounces fine Scotch oatmeal, one-fourth pint cold milk, one pint boiling milk, sugar to taste, two tablespoonfuls each of salt and sugar; mix with enough water to form a stiff batter and roll out very thin. Have ready one-half cup of grated cheese, sprinkle a little on the dough with a very little cayenne pepper and salt; after you do this until the cheese is all used up, then cut into strips of it greased pans and bake in quick oven.

Savory Omelet.

Put into a basin two eggs, a dessert-spoonful of water, half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a seasoning of salt and pepper. Whisk all together for a few minutes. Melt an ounce of butter in an omelet pan, and when it is just beginning to smoke turn in the egg mixture. Stir for a few seconds until the eggs begin to set. Then cook for a very short while more. Next fold over in half and cook for another minute, until the outside is pale brown. Then turn on to a very hot dish and serve at once.

Scotch Snow Cake.

Seven ounces white sugar, one pound arrowroot, one-half pound butter, whites of seven eggs, any flavoring that is preferred. Beat the butter until like cream, and while beating gradually add the arrowroot and sugar. When the whites of the eggs are beaten to a stiff froth, mix with the other ingredients and beat for a quarter of an hour. Flavor to taste, pour into buttered mould and bake for one and one-quarter hours.

Fairy Pudding.

Over one-half box of gelatine pour one cup of cold water and let stand for an hour. Let one pint of rich milk come to a boil and add to it three well-beaten eggs and one-half cup of sugar; when it thickens, stir in the gelatine and let it continue to boil from the fire and flavor with almond extract. Line a mould with stale cake, pour in the mixture and when cold and firm add one pint of cream and pile on the top; serve very cold.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Almond Macaroons.

Blanch and skin 8 ounces of Jordan almonds and one ounce of bitter ones; dry them on a sieve, and pound them in a smooth paste in a mortar, adding occasionally a very little white of egg to prevent their getting oily; add to them five ounces pulverized sugar, one teaspoonful rice flour, and the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; put it on paper in drops the size of walnuts, bake in a cool oven until they are of a light color and firmly set; take from the paper by wetting the under side of it.

Time for Baking Meats.

Beef, sirloin, rare, for each pound eight to ten minutes; beef, ribs, well done, for each pound 12 to 15 minutes, says the Woman's Home Companion; beef, rib or rump, for each pound, twenty minutes; beef, rump or beef, long or short fillet, twenty to thirty minutes; mutton, rare, for each pound ten minutes; mutton, well done, for each pound fifteen minutes; veal, well done, for each pound fifteen minutes; pork, well done, for each pound twenty minutes; turkey, weighing ten pounds, three hours; chicken, weighing three to four pounds, one to one and one-half hours; goose weighing eight pounds, two hours; tame duck, forty to sixty minutes; game duck, thirty to forty minutes; small birds, fifteen to twenty minutes; pigeons, thirty minutes; fish, six to eight pounds, long, thin, one hour; fish, four to six pounds, thick, one hour; fish, small, twenty to thirty minutes.

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Shall We Drink at Meals?

This time-honored question has been thoroughly gone over again in the light of modern scientific discovery by Doctor C. A. Ewald of Berlin. From an abstract in the Medical Record (January) we learn that his conclusions are favorable to the taking of liquids with the food, although he thinks that it makes absolutely no difference whether the drinking is done just before, during, or just after the meal. To quote from the account just alluded to:

"In the normal stomach the author concludes that not only does drinking at meals, within certain limits, not interfere with digestion; it even aids the process. With patients suffering from catarrh or other diseases, however, the case is different. Drinking at dietum cannot be allowed. To the question, shall patients drink nothing with their meals? Doctor Ewald answers that he sees no reason why small amounts of fluid should not be allowed, excepting to patients suffering from dilatation of the stomach. As above shown, fluids, and particularly carbonic acid carbonated fluids, will, even in limited amounts, aid digestion and increase one's appetite, and will more than counterbalance the so-called ill effects of drinking at meals, viz.: The possible hindering of digestion by dilution of the solid constituents of the meal, the overcurtailing of the stomach, a very improbable lowering of body temperature, etc. Even admitting that such effects do occur, the question of drinking before, during or after meals Doctor Ewald considers as belonging to the province of suggestive-therapy; the physiological act is not influenced by the second-half hour sooner or later. The fluid should not be very cold; tepid, warm, must be the indications of the disease, and, as far as possible, the wish of the patient. Naturally alcoholic fluids that have a decided local irritating effect will be withheld. Another question is how far we should allow abnormally increased thirst to be quenched, as in diabetes, dropsy, chronic nephritis, fevers. The writer answers that the thirst should be quenched with as little liquid as possible. This is particularly true in cases of stomach dilation, when the patients have the tendency, after drinking large quantities, partly because stomach absorption is very slow and imperfect. Moreover, though this seems paradoxical, thirst may be lessened by forbidding water as a drink. Then, too, thirst also depends upon dryness of the mouth and pharynx; hence, frequent moistening of the mouth and gargling will often lessen thirst."

The Many Uses of Cocoa.

Not long ago I was baking layer cake. I didn't want to make a jelly layer cake, as all of us do not care for it; so I thought I would make a chocolate cake; but what was I to do? I didn't have a bit of chocolate in the house. I went to the cupboard and found a can of cocoa. I put two teaspoonfuls in a cup, poured in just enough boiling water to make a thick enough mixture to spread easily, and sweetened it to taste. When the layers were done, I spread the filling over them and set the cake in a place to cool, and when I cut the cake for dinner I did not know that I had used chocolate in preparing the filling.

I have since used cocoa in flavoring ice cream, when making chocolate pudding, and, in fact, I find that it can be used in almost every instance when chocolate is required.

Holiday Pudding.

A plain sponge cake, strawberry jam, icing, a rich custard, some preserved ginger. Make the sponge cake in a round mould, take out the inside of the cake with a cutter, not too near the edge, put in a layer of strawberry jam, and slice thickly spread. Cut the inside of the cake you have taken out into slices, spread some jam between each slice (different sorts of jam may be used, but strawberry looks very nicely), and replace the cake. Ice it nicely over; put it into a very slow oven to try the icing. Then make the custard and pour into it a small pieces of preserved ginger. Pour into the cake when it is cold.

Diet a Test of Civilization.

The evolution of mankind may perhaps be determined as certainly by the criterion of food as by any other. The savage eats the same coarse and monotonous fare the cave-dwellers, while civilized man is perpetually discovering and making new animal or vegetable products. At every fruit shop we are reminded of the fact that bananas and tomatoes are new foods which we have recently come to regard, and which have become as familiar and necessary to us as pears or plums, which we have had for centuries. And the same is true with the articles we see in a large grocery store. Many of them were unknown even during a generation ago. The dinner of today is as different from that of the time, say, of Doctor Johnson as that was from the cuisine of the Conquest. If life was rude and coarse in early communities, the kind of food eaten and the way of eating it made it even more so. How could one gorge on oxen roasted whole, carving it with rude weapons, or even, like Falstaff, on fat capons and an intolerable deal of sack, without being heavy, earthy, and probably, from our point of view, noisy and ill-bred? The fine manners of the Elizabethan court are problematical; they certainly would not pass muster here. In short, food is both an index of the civilization attained and a factor in the attainment. A singular instance of both is afforded by the rapid growth of manners in Russia. Less than two centuries ago Peter the Great gnawed meat like a wild beast and drank brandy like a savage; today the elegant method of dining a la Russe has spread over the civilized world.

Household Hints.

If you spill oil on the carpet, cover the spot with cornmeal as quickly as you can. The meal will take up the grease.

Wooden skewers are convenient to clean the hairs and dust out of hairbrushes; also to loosen the dirt which sometimes gets caked in the corners of floors or window sills.

If dishes become discolored from fruit or tea stains, take a little fine ashes on a cloth and rub off. See to it that there is not a stain of dust and dishwater where the handle joins the cup.

If a hasseck be taken up by both ears, it will last much longer than if carried or pulled around by one, the weight being more evenly divided. It is not the easiest thing in the world to put back and fasten an ear which has come partly out.

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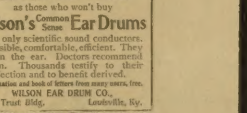

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Badinage and Bracers.

IS ALUM POISONOUS?

Whitens the Baker's Bread, but Plays Havoc With the Stomach of the Consumer.

Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour, and it is also employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powder. Its use in bread and baking powder is very detrimental to health, producing dyspepsia and obstinate constipation, and under certain conditions of the human system results in poisoning. What these conditions are so far as each individual is concerned can only be surmised; some peculiarity of the system producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach with which the alum combines and forms an active poison; or, the secretions may be healthy but in abnormal proportions; and these lesser or greater proportions in combination with the alum constitute a poison. Just as two parts of mercury and two parts chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous, while one part of mercury and two parts of chlorine yield corrosive sublimate which is a most deadly poison.

Reassured.

She—Would you love me just the same if I hadn't a cent?

He (absently)—I would love you more. I abhor this new-mown hay perfume.

Jawley—I take exercise with a bicycle now.

Hawley—Really! I didn't know you rode.

Jawley—I don't, but my wife does—and I pump air into the tires.

Greatest Woman of the Age.

Counsel—What is your age, madam?

Witness—Forty-seven, sir.

Counsel—Married or single?

Witness—Single. I never had an offer of marriage in my life, and it is of any interest to the court I don't mind state that I have worn false hair for nearly thirty years.

Counsel—H'm! That is all madam. There is no use trying to shake the direct testimony of so truthful a woman as you are.

This Was Before the War.

"Oh, it was fine!" exclaimed the senorita to her American visitor. "I wish you had gone with me. It was a magnificent corrida. The matador killed six bulls."

"Only six?" replied the American girl. "Why, at my uncle's abattoirs at Chicago they kill 1,000 steers a day."

She Was in no Danger.

"I would ask you to have some ice cream," said Mr. Poore to Miss Oakland, "were I not deterred by the fatalities which have resulted lately from eating ice cream."

"Mr. Poore," replied the brave girl, "have no fear on my account. I am an immune."

Then He Ran.

Mrs. Peck—Henry, do you believe in this foolish predestination theory?

Mr. Peck—Yes; I can't help it. Nothing but that could ever have made me fall in love with you.

Sons and Daughters.

The Smith boys meant well enough, no doubt, but they were hard at work earning a livelihood for their own families, and when grandma felt that she wasn't really a part of their heartstone circles she packed up and went to see Cornelia.

"Come back whenever you get ready, mother," John had said, and Benjamin added, absent-mindedly:

"Yes, yes, do. We'll be glad to see you."

Then they had turned away together, and grandma, with the painful sensitiveness of dependent age, had fancied jaunty relief in one tone and half-heartedness in the other.

"I won't come back," she whispered to herself, a slow flush rising to her thin and wrinkled cheek. "And if Cornelia don't seem to want me I'll go—I'll go to the poor house!" Tears of utter desolation found their way to her eyes and as the train ran over the miles her thoughts went back to the time when her children were little and dependent upon her. She had never grown tired of them through the long, long years of toil and sacrifice, and it seemed hard.

A shriek of delight aroused her.

"Grandma! You blessed, little grandma! We thought you never would come!" Two clinging arms were around her, and there, behind the children, was Cornelia, smiling her welcome.

"Why, mother," she said, "you have been crying. What is it, dear?"

Her head was on her daughter's bosom and the children were disputing about who should have the honor of carrying her bag. All at once she realized that she had deceived herself; that her children were all good and loving. A flush of shame dyed her cheek, and as Cornelia again tenderly asked the cause of the tears she said, sheepishly:

"Just a cinder in my eye, Nellie dear."

His First Offense.

"John," said Mrs. Youngiove, "do you know that you forgot something when you went away this morning?"

Mr. Youngiove chought for a moment, and then replied,

"No, I didn't know that I had. What was it?"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed. Finally, when she could trust herself to speak she answered:

"You you kissed the baby before you started, b-but you did-didn't kiss anyb-b-body else."

"Oh, bo," he laughed, "so you did notice it, eh?"

A glad light came into her eyes, and, throwing her arms around him, she said;

"And did you do it just to try me?"

"Uh-huh," he answered, and then felt so good over his discovery that he had to cut and buy himself a quarter's worth of cigars.

Cupid's Advocate.

All summer long we played at love—
A comedy for two;
We, trifling, vowed no move to make
Which hearts might ever rue.

But now, with serious autumn here—
With all vacations o'er—
Let's take the bond in earnest, dear,
And tease the god no more.

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